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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1775.—Vol. LXIX.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

[PRICE, With Supplement, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 15 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



THE LABOR DESPOT.

THE supreme tyrant of the labor organizations is the walking delegate, the well-fed, well-paid official who performs the functions of a general overseer, and whose fiat is expected to be obeyed without protest or murmur. Not a few of the disastrous strikes of recent years were prolonged, if they were not instigated, by these representatives of the worst elements of discontent. Happily American workingmen seem now to be losing their respect for this class of petty despots, and it is hardly probable that they will be able in future to exercise any such autocratic power as they have so injuriously employed in the past.

It was the peculiarity of the recent great strike in London that it was spontaneous, that it was based upon a real grievance, was entirely free from coercive excesses on the part of would-be bosses, and that it had, from first to last, the genuine sympathy of the great body of the people. The sole obstacle to a settlement was the obstinacy of the dock companies, upon whom the demand for slightly increased compensation was made by the striking laborers. Against these stubborn dock directors were arrayed the merchants, the ship-owners, and all the high officials in church and state, such men as Cardinal Manning, the Lord Mayor, the Bishop of London, and Sir John Lubbock interfering actively in behalf of the strikers, while Lord Randolph Churchill and other men in official life ably championed their cause in public addresses. It was inevitable that, thus sustained, the men on strike should ultimately gain a substantial victory. It will be well if American workingmen shall learn the lesson that, with a just cause, and abstaining from all disorderly and offensive methods, they, too, can depend upon public sympathy, and will be much more likely to win their way than when pursuing an opposite course.

THE TYRANNY OF THE WALKING DELEGATE.—ORDERING WORKMEN TO "GO ON STRIKE."
DRAWN BY J. DURKIN.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

An article of unusual interest at this time will be printed in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER next week. Its subject will be the Negro Problem in the South, and it will be from the pen of that able writer and experienced observer, Mr. Albion W. Tourgee. His view of the question will certainly attract wide attention in the North as well as in the South. Another peculiarly interesting literary feature in next week's LESLIE'S will be the continuation of Mr. Blakely Hall's gossip notes about persons of note.

THE TRIUMPH OF SILVER.

THE Presidential election last year had an important bearing on the silver question. Silver, though very low in price, is mightier than ever in American politics. It was professedly a political issue in the last campaign, and its champion won. The Republican platform of 1888 said: "The Republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money, and condemns the policy of the Democratic Administration in its efforts to demonetize silver." An editor who voted, like myself, the Republican ticket without approving this condemnation of a policy that originated with Republicans, said to me: "If you had written platforms, as I have, you would understand that no plank binds the party after election. Enthusiasts look for their hobby in a platform. Insert it and you get their vote. They sell themselves cheap. There the matter ends." This base doctrine is inapplicable. According to Machiavel, a ruler may break faith when keeping it would injure him, and the occasion has passed which induced him to pledge it. But President Harrison can, without injuring himself, relax, to some extent, the present policy, condemned in the platform on which he was elected.

The motive for inserting that plank was ascendancy in Western politics. This motive has been reinforced by the passage of the law for the admission of four new States. Even Machiavel would not counsel a prince, under such circumstances, to break faith openly. In general, he preferred covert attacks. He taught: "It is very prejudicial to be always honest, but very advantageous to appear devout, faithful, humane, religious, and upright, without being so. Nothing is more necessary than sanctimoniousness. Everybody sees how you appear. Few perceive what you are." At the lowest, most despicable plane of human conduct, these cardinal principles of hypocrisy or prudence in statecraft would forbid the Republican Administration to dishonor publicly the indorsement of silver. The Administration must take bodily possession of the silver plank. That plank can not possibly be ignored. The President must at least pretend to do it justice and honor. I expect to see him go further and perform conscientiously his whole duty to silver. Let us ascertain what this duty demands.

For eleven years the Executive has incessantly opposed and curtailed as much as possible the monthly coinage of silver dollars. To begin with, President Hayes vetoed the bill entitled "An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar, and to restore its legal-tender character," which was passed over his veto and became a law February 28th, 1878. This act requires the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase monthly not less than \$2,000,000 nor more than \$4,000,000 worth of silver, and cause millions of silver dollars to be coined each month. Secretary Sherman immediately, in 1878, inaugurated the practice of purchasing for this coinage the least amount of silver permitted by law. President Garfield, who as Representative had voted against the bill, chose for Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Windom, who as Senator had voted for it. But Secretary Windom continued throughout this and into the succeeding Administration the Republican practice of purchasing the minimum of silver, and in general, during his short term of service, maintained toward silver the policy of Republican officials. The finance report for 1881 was sent to Congress by his successor, Secretary Folger, who, observing Republican usage, recommended that the provision for the coinage of a fixed amount of silver each month be repealed. Secretary Gresham, Folger's successor, in office but five weeks, observed the same policy. Then came Secretary McCulloch, who, in the last finance report under

Republican management, December 1st, 1884, presented what he considered to be "an insuperable argument against the continued coinage of silver dollars." President Arthur, in his last annual message, said: "I concur with the Secretary of the Treasury in recommending the immediate suspension of the coinage of silver dollars and of the issuance of silver certificates. This is a matter to which, in former communications, I have more than once invoked the attention of the National Legislature."

Thus three Republican Presidents and five Republican Secretaries of the Treasury stood in an unbroken line of opposition to silver. Now let us turn to the policy of the Democratic Administration. President Cleveland, in his first message to Congress, December 8th, 1885, recommended the suspension of the compulsory coinage of silver dollars. Shortly before his inauguration Mr. Cleveland had announced, in his letter of February 24th, 1885, his adherence to this policy, in the light of facts which were, he wrote, "forewarned to us in the official reports of every Secretary of the Treasury from 1878 till now." Unreservedly committed to this policy, the Democratic Administration pursued it, without enlargement or restriction, just as it came from Republican hands. This policy of hostility to silver, then, though condemned in the Republican platform as a Democratic policy, originated with Republicans, and was firmly established by the undeviating practice of three Republican Administrations before the Democrats returned to power.

Silver outmaneuvered its enemies in the last campaign. Both parties threw sops to it. The Democrats apologized to it for the renomination of Cleveland by nominating for Vice-President its outspoken friend, Thurman, an advocate of its free and unlimited coinage. The Republicans bid higher. They gave silver the platform. Their candidate for Vice-President, Mr. Morton, who represented opposition to the silver-dollar factory, was considerably kept in the rear of the ticket. The Republicans carried every State interested in silver mining. President Harrison, elected under these circumstances, cannot, without breaking faith, continue the silver policy of the Democratic Administration, or return to the policy of Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur, whose policy was the same as the Democratic. He is pledged by the platform to reverse, retract, and abandon altogether the only policy as to silver that the Executive branch of the Government, whether under Republican or Democratic control, has had since this coinage of standard silver dollars began in 1878. The day of noisy, truculent opposition to silver on the part of the Executive is over. A new departure, a revolution in policy, is at hand.

Even if the policy hitherto observed had not been condemned in the Republican platform, it could not be perpetuated. The growing strength of silver in Congress would soon override an obstructive policy by stringent legislation. The admission of four new States in the West will add eight votes to the silver majority in the Senate. On April 4th, 1888, only thirteen Senators voted against, while thirty-eight voted for, increasing the monthly coinage of silver dollars. The addition of eight votes to such a majority is very significant. On April 8th, 1886, the House of Representatives refused, by a vote of 84 to 201, to suspend this coinage. Congress will only need a pretext to pass the most extraordinary laws on this subject—if necessary, over the President's veto. A financial revulsion would probably call forth a law for the free coinage of silver. Upon evidence of bad faith in President Harrison, Congress would probably revoke the discretionary powers of the Secretary of the Treasury as to the purchase of silver, and compel him to buy the maximum—\$4,000,000 worth monthly.

New York, that gave President Harrison more electoral votes than all the silver States combined, did not suppose that the stand against silver maintained under Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, and Cleveland was to be overwhelmed by his election. Nothing has happened as yet. The old policy is continued. Mr. Windom, after a long residence in New York City, is again at the head of the Treasury, conducting it in the same conservative manner as during the Garfield Administration. The silver men have not had a crumb of comfort. Their turn may come when Congress assembles. Meanwhile the action of President Harrison will show whether he proposes to keep or break faith. His touchstone is the monthly purchase of silver. The miners are asking him to purchase \$4,000,000 worth monthly, that is, double the present purchases, on the strength

of the Republican platform, and as a measure of protection to their industry. They complain that the price of silver is lower than for many centuries, twenty per cent. lower than when this monthly coinage began in 1878. They would look for an advance and recovery in price if the Government purchased the maximum amount. Were they merely to request the purchase and coinage, for a single month, of \$4,000,000 worth, President Harrison could hardly answer that the single amount of \$2,000,000 worth in excess of what has been bought and coined monthly for over eleven years would do harm.

Practically the Treasury gets the silver in exchange for certificates—mere pieces of printed paper—and issues extra pieces besides to a considerable amount. If the result of purchasing the maximum once, that is to say, practically exchanging more paper for more silver than usual, was unsatisfactory, the President could abandon the experiment at the end of the month. The effect of maximum purchases cannot be known until after a trial of them. If begun soon, they would evince their merit or disadvantages before Congress met in December. The experiment is entirely safe in the hands of President Harrison and Secretary Windom. While bound by the platform to "condemn the policy of the Democratic Administration in its efforts to demonetize silver," and logically required to purchase, upon the rejection of this policy, the maximum of silver monthly as a manifestation of his readiness to execute the present law in all its vigor, the President or Secretary is not bound to continue these maximum purchases after experience fails to commend them to his judgment. When, after a fair trial, either arrives at this conclusion, he may with a clear conscience reduce the purchases to the minimum again and await the action of Congress.

The monotonous purchase, month after month, year in and year out, for the twelfth year, of the minimum has made the opponents of this coinage lose their appetite and become as torpid as a congregation of cold eels in mud. Maximum purchases would revivify the opposition. Now there are in this overgrown coinage elements of colossal absurdity which ninety-nine men in a hundred anywhere could see. But it continues because it supplies certain popular wants by means of the certificates it gives rise to, and in part by the actual circulation of some of the coins. Intelligent agitation, dwelling on these absurdities and showing more sensible means to supply these wants, would, I believe, speedily bring about a suspension of this monthly coinage.

James C. Hallock

THE NEW SOUTH.

In his eloquent and appropriate address at Indianapolis, during his recent trip, General Harrison said that he seriously believed that if we could "measure among the States the benefits resulting from the preservation of the Union, the rebellious States have the larger share. It destroyed an institution that was their destruction. It opened the way for a commercial life that, if they will only embrace it and face the light, means to them a development that shall rival the best attainments of the greatest of our States."

Kind and honest words are these, and it is the reproach of the South that some of its people have not yet discovered their truth. The great body of intelligent and observant people in the Southern States, however, realize now the true advantage derived from the results of the war. The South fought for slavery as for its very life, holding that slave labor was the only kind that could be utilized in the southern climate. On the floor of Congress Jefferson Davis himself, shortly before the war, declared that without slave labor it would be impossible to harvest the cotton crop of the Southern States, and yet to-day we find Southern papers rejoicing over the fact that the cotton crop this year will be the largest on record, and every State below Mason and Dixon's Line proclaims a new era of unexampled prosperity. Slave labor, were it offered back to these States again to-day, would be promptly rejected.

Had the measure of prosperity that the South is now enjoying been as strong in 1860, had it possessed the material resources, men, and money it has to-day, the struggle of the rebellion would have been protracted much longer than four years. It will be, indeed, a beneficent thing if this prosperity shall kindle, as we believe it is kindling, a fire that in the

end must consume the last vestige of sectional differences.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

It is not surprising that the advanced Liberals of Great Britain are indignant at the proposal of the Government to charter and endow a Roman Catholic university in Ireland. The proposal is in direct conflict with one of the most cherished principles of the British Liberal party. Unsectarianism in the university, as well as in the primary and intermediate school, has been a plank in the platform of that party which its leaders and active members have insisted upon as indispensable.

The educational policy of the Liberals has been—no state aid to religious teaching. In pursuance of this policy they have, within the present generation, successfully assailed denominationalism in the great universities of England and in the one university of Ireland, commonly known as Trinity College, which was founded and for three centuries conducted on strictly sectarian principles. The abolition of religious tests in the English universities, and the founding of the Royal University of Ireland, all the benefits of the latter being from its first institution open equally to students of all creeds, mark the progress and emphasize the earnestness of the Liberal party in the work of dissociating state-paid education from the influence and control of religious sects.

At the present time the Catholics of Ireland are in a position with respect to university advantages which doubtless the Liberals of England regard as answering all the demands of justice. Since 1873, Trinity College, its fellowships and other prizes, have been open to Catholics as well as to Protestants. Those Catholics who cannot or will not avail themselves of the privileges of Trinity have in the Royal University, founded in 1880, opportunities of a more favorable character. The Royal University is not a teaching, but an examining body. It holds examinations annually, at which students from any school or seminary or college, Catholic or Protestant, in Ireland, may compete for the valuable bursaries and prizes it is empowered to grant, and may gain academical degrees such as are conferred by other universities. Under this system the Catholics of Ireland may fairly be said to be on an equal footing with non-Catholics.

Nevertheless, the Catholics are not satisfied. They claim that they ought to have a university of their own, with both teaching and degree-conferring power, and supported by an adequate grant from the public treasury. There can be no doubt that an Irish Parliament would establish such a university, and here is presented a view of the case which we think is worthy of consideration by the British Liberals. The latter are willing to give Ireland a Parliament. They cordially assent to the proposition that "Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas." That a Catholic university, chartered and endowed by state, is an "Irish idea," has been manifest for years. The Irish bishops and clergy have been agitating for it for more than a quarter of a century. In 1854 they established what is known as the Catholic University of Ireland. That institution has been supported liberally by the voluntary contributions of the people, but without the power to confer degrees its usefulness has necessarily been very limited.

We see no good reason, therefore, on Liberal or broad democratic principle, why, since the mass of the Irish people desire it, the Catholic University should not have a charter and an endowment, provision being of course made that the university advantages open to non-Catholics shall not be withdrawn nor restricted. We think the best system of education is the non-sectarian, as we have it in America. But apparently the Catholics of Ireland think differently. They are the proper judges in regard to their own affairs, and it cannot be denied that education is one of the affairs in the settlement of which their wishes ought to be respected.

IS THIS PROTECTION?

A DISPATCH from Denver, dated September 3d, reported that forty car-loads of sealskins passed through Cheyenne, bound for England via the port of New York. These forty cars contained the entire catch of the Alaska Fur Company for the past year. The skins go to London to be sold in that market, which is the seal market of the world.

The excuse for sending these skins abroad is that they cannot be dyed in the United States. This excuse is based on a misstatement. Sealskins are dyed by the thousands, and dyed handsomely and well, every year in the United States. American dyers, shameful as the confession is, are obliged to go to the London market to buy the undressed Alaska sealskins and bring them back to be dressed and dyed for the American market, which is the best in the world.

When the contract for leasing the seal-fisheries is renewed, President Harrison should insist upon a stipulation that American workmen and American capital should be given opportunities for employment in the dressing and dyeing of the skins. While Republican statesmen are pleading in Congress for protection to home interests, they will be decidedly inconsistent if they permit the renewal of a contract that ignores American labor and gives a profit solely to English capital.

THE ELECTRICAL EXECUTION LAW.

UNDER the influence of competition between the electric-light companies, an effort is being made to render unconstitutional the law to have electrical executions in this State. While men, more or less wise, are testifying that an electric shock of high tension does not kill, repeated instances have been given in the newspapers of the death of workmen from handling exposed electric-light wires. One of the latest of these involved the death of Mr. Darwin A. Henry, the superintendent of construction of the East River Electric Light Works, in New York City. His right arm accidentally came in contact with a wire from which the insulation had been burned away, and the current of about 1,000 volts passed through his body, killing him as quickly as if he had been decapitated.

Sometimes a person has been known to survive a stroke of lightning, but it has been because he did not receive the full shock, just as men have handled electric-light wires and escaped

with their lives. But we doubt if a case is on record where a current of 1,000 volts has been received into the system of any man without causing immediate death. The true inwardness of the fight against the electrical execution law will be found recorded, we believe, on the books of the competing electric-light companies. Something a little less ethereal than sentiment and humanity is behind the demonstrations of the lawyers who are fighting the electrical execution law.

THAT EXTRA HOLIDAY.

LABOR DAY was a great success, if large processions, bands of music, carriages, and all the paraphernalia of pomp and parade establish a success of such affairs; but was it altogether a success from a practical point of view?

It is estimated that in New York City and its immediate surroundings over half a million workers were in idleness on Labor Day, and that not one-tenth of these would have been idle had idleness not been compulsory. In many instances this compulsion was a hardship. It deprived families of the very necessities of life; it embarrassed business, and gave a holiday to many persons who did not need or want it. While Labor Day was welcomed by many as a day for festivities, it was by some made an occasion for extravagance and revelry.

The utility of the establishment of Labor Day has always been questioned. The great mass of workmen did not want the law when it was passed, and we are inclined to believe they do not want the extra holiday now. Political influence forces industrious workmen to "take a day" whether they care for it or not. It does not permit them to make their own choice of holidays. We doubt if American workmen like this sort of thing, or whether they will long submit to it.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

OUR Southern friends do not seem to have the same nightmare regarding ex-Senator Platt of this State that disturbs the dreams of a good many Mugwumps in the North. One of the strongest Southern railway corporations, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, has just elected Mr. Platt as its president, with a salary of \$10,000 per year. This is a tribute to Mr. Platt as a business man, of course, and not as a politician, but it is a tribute of his political opponents, nevertheless, and it indicates their confidence in his personal integrity as well as his business capacity.

THE unanimous selection of General Russell A. Alger, of Detroit, to the command of the Grand Army of the Republic of the United States, at its recent convention in Milwaukee, is a tribute to one of the bravest and best of its veterans. Since the close of the war General Alger has by his own energetic efforts made for himself both fame and fortune, but in nothing does he find greater pleasure than in the recollection of his loyalty to the Union, and his efficient services to his country when it needed every brave man it had. The Union veterans have made an excellent selection. They have a commander who has deserved promotion in civil life as much as he deserved it while on the field of battle.

WE doubt whether any city in the United States, east or west, excepting Boston, would have permitted a drunken ruffian like John L. Sullivan to march about its streets, and finally into the headquarters of the police, threatening violence, without securing his arrest. It is to the lasting shame of the Hub that it has tolerated the public indecencies of John L. Sullivan so long. The crowning shame of his series of misdeeds was reached when he recently invaded the office of the Board of Police, and was permitted to voice his profanity and his insolence, while the subordinates of the office fairly begged him to desist and go home, "like a good fellow." We are ashamed of Boston if it is not ashamed of itself.

It is incomprehensible why men who have been imprisoned for political crimes always desire a "vindication" from their constituents. What can a "vindication" be worth to a man who has been convicted? Tweed sought a vindication after his glaring misdeeds had been exposed, and other minor politicians have gone further than he. "Sim" Coy, for instance, fresh from the penitentiary, has recently been renominated by the Democrats of the Eighteenth Ward of Indianapolis for re-election as a member of the Common Council. Coy was one of the participants in the infamous tally-sheet forgeries in 1886. He was released from the penitentiary in June last, yet he recently received 114 votes in the ward caucus against 32 for his opponent. Mr. Coy may be elected again to serve such a constituency in the Common Council, but his election will not be a vindication for him so much as a reproach to his townsmen.

THE welcome given by the citizens of Detroit to the four hundred delegates to the National Editorial Convention at that city, which convened on the 27th of August and continued for four days, testified to the unbounded hospitality of one of the most enterprising and progressive of our northwestern cities. Committees of leading citizens welcomed the editors and offered them the hospitalities of the city. The ladies accompanying the delegates were given a yacht excursion, and all the delegates were banqueted and dined to their hearts' content. One of the unique features of the reception was a visit to Minister Palmer's log cabin, at his farm in the suburbs of the city. Citizens, regardless of politics, vied with each other in making the hours pleasant for the visitors. A splendid reception was given by ex-Postmaster and Mrs. Don M. Dickinson at their beautiful mansion, and a river ride and banquet at the Belle Isle House, St. Claire Flats, closed the festivities. Beyond all these social pleasures the editors had an eye for business. Sessions, at which interesting topics were discussed, were held every day, and papers on matters of importance to the craft were read at each session. A vigorous address on "Editorial Philosophy" was delivered by Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, of the New York Mail and Express,

and another on the "Philosophy of the Business Management," by Major W. J. Richards, of the Indianapolis News. The National Editorial Association was organized at New Orleans in 1885, and has steadily grown in membership and strength year by year. At the recent session, Mr. Charles A. Lee, of the Gazette and Chronicle, Pawtucket, R. I., a veteran member, was elected president, and it was decided to hold the next annual convention at Boston, on an invitation from several newspaper organizations in that city. The power of the editors of the United States would be almost limitless if it were unitedly applied, and the growth of the National Editorial Association is in the line of this unity, not in reference to politics, but in regard to the conservation of business interests.

ST. LOUIS profits largely by the will of Mr. Henry Shaw, its noted philanthropist, the founder of the Shaw Botanical Garden. His estate is estimated to be worth nearly \$5,000,000. The botanical garden and park he leaves to the city, in care of a well-selected board of trustees, and in addition to this he leaves property, the income of which is to form a fund for improving and adding to the gift. Nearly all of Mr. Shaw's estate is left for this purpose. It is one of the largest bequests of the kind ever made in the United States. The citizens of St. Louis are congratulated on not having been disappointed in their expectation as a certain city in the State of New York was, a few years ago. A park in the city of Elmira, owned by a wealthy gentleman named Dr. Eldridge, was opened to public use, and it was widely believed that it would be left to the city for park purposes, but when the wealthy owner died, it was found that his will ignored the city, and the park remained as private property.

It is to the lasting credit of some of the newspapers in the South that they will no longer pass over in silence acts of violence toward the colored man. One of the foremost and strongest of these fearless and independent journals is the Times-Democrat, of New Orleans. Commenting recently on the slaughter of colored men at Goldsboro and the destruction of a negro church, the Times editorially says that "Not a word can be uttered in extenuation or justification of such offenses." It denounces the destruction of the negro church as "a wanton, deliberate, detestable crime," and adds, "the men who committed it are a disgrace to their State and their race." The Times-Democrat calls upon the Executive to look into these troubles, protect the public, and punish the rioters of both races. This is the kind of language that signifies a just appreciation of the situation in the South. If other newspapers would follow the timely example of our New Orleans contemporary, public sentiment would put an end to a wearisome list of outrages against the negroes of the South.

IN the introduction to "Poor's Manual" of the railroads in the United States of 1889, just issued, we find some facts of great interest. The general exhibit of the past fiscal year shows that the length of track completed up to December 31st last in the United States was, in round numbers, 154,275 miles. The liabilities of all the railroads constituting this mileage aggregated over \$9,607,000,000, only \$266,483,000 less than their aggregate assets. The passenger earnings of the roads were a little less than one-quarter of the entire gross earnings, and of an aggregate of net earnings reaching \$382,000,000, only about \$79,000,000 were applicable for dividends, while over \$200,000,000 went to pay interest charges. There is much in these figures that will furnish food for reflection, and the investor and the speculator will ponder them with interest. No man should invest any considerable part of his savings in railroad properties without making a careful study of "Poor's Manual." He will find in it the facts and the figures that every business man should ask to see before investing in corporate property. We consider the manual simply invaluable to investors.

SOME months ago FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER suggested that some of the available surplus might be very properly expended in assisting a project to connect the United States with the Orient by cable. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce recently appointed a committee to investigate the feasibility of laying such a cable by way of Honolulu to New Zealand. The committee estimates the cost of the line at \$10,000,000, and says it would secure the whole of the Hawaiian business, the business centering at the Samoan group, and nearly all of the Australian and New Zealand business that now goes to Europe. The new cable would largely reduce the cost of sending messages, and the projectors will seek a subsidy from the Federal Government to the extent of a guarantee of three per cent. per annum on the \$10,000,000 of bonds of the proposed corporation. While we are not ready as yet to favor such a subsidy, the subject is certainly worthy of consideration. If the surplus in the treasury were properly used to facilitate and extend our commercial relations with adjoining nations, not a penny of it would be wasted. Every dollar of it would bring back golden returns in the near future.

It is a mystery how a young man of fortune, education, and social rank could be systematically victimized, led astray, and finally lured into a marriage by a notoriously dissolute woman. The story which has filled the columns of our daily newspapers of the domestic troubles of Mr. Robert Ray Hamilton, of New York City, is fortunately one that is not often told. It is not uncommon that men are led from virtue's path by designing women, but it is rare that any young and ambitious man of high standing in public life so far forgets his obligations to himself and to his family as to permit himself to be entrapped. The revelation that the woman in the case deliberately tried to impose upon her husband a foundling as his child, for the sake of obtaining his fortune, that she might share it with a paramour of the very lowest sort, was made none too soon. The conspirators had planned their scheme most carefully, and we doubt if they would have hesitated if human life had stood in their way. The disclosure of the facts in the case, brought about by a quarrel that led to bloodshed, was perhaps the most fortunate thing that could have happened for Mr. Hamilton. It may have ruined his reputation, but it probably saved his life. The entire case is a pat illustration of the old proverb that "a man is a fool until he is forty."

SCENES IN "A MARKET OF THE SLUMS."

THE markets of a city are always interesting, for, to paraphrase an old saying, "Show me what a man eats and I'll tell you what manner of man he is." The quaint old French market, with its flowers, its coffee, its aunties, and its creoles, is one of the sights of New Orleans; the Union Market in St. Louis is a delight on a frosty morning, with its quantities of game; the Center Market at the Capital, where Senator and huckster, Cabinet lady and charwoman, countess and beggar jostle elbows, is one of the cleanest, freshest, and most delightful in the country; the great Baltimore Market is a beautiful sight on a Saturday night, with its neatly arranged stalls and be vies of pretty Jewesses; and Fulton Market is always a marvel of abundance and variety.

But there are markets and markets. The strangest of all is the Ludlow Street Market in the city of New York. It is the market of the slums, where the refuse from other markets is sold to the poor wretches who crowd the reeking, dilapidated tenements of the East Side like swine. The buyers and sellers are mostly the Russian and Polish Jews that throng that section of the city, and the great day is Friday, because they then prepare

(Continued on page 107.)



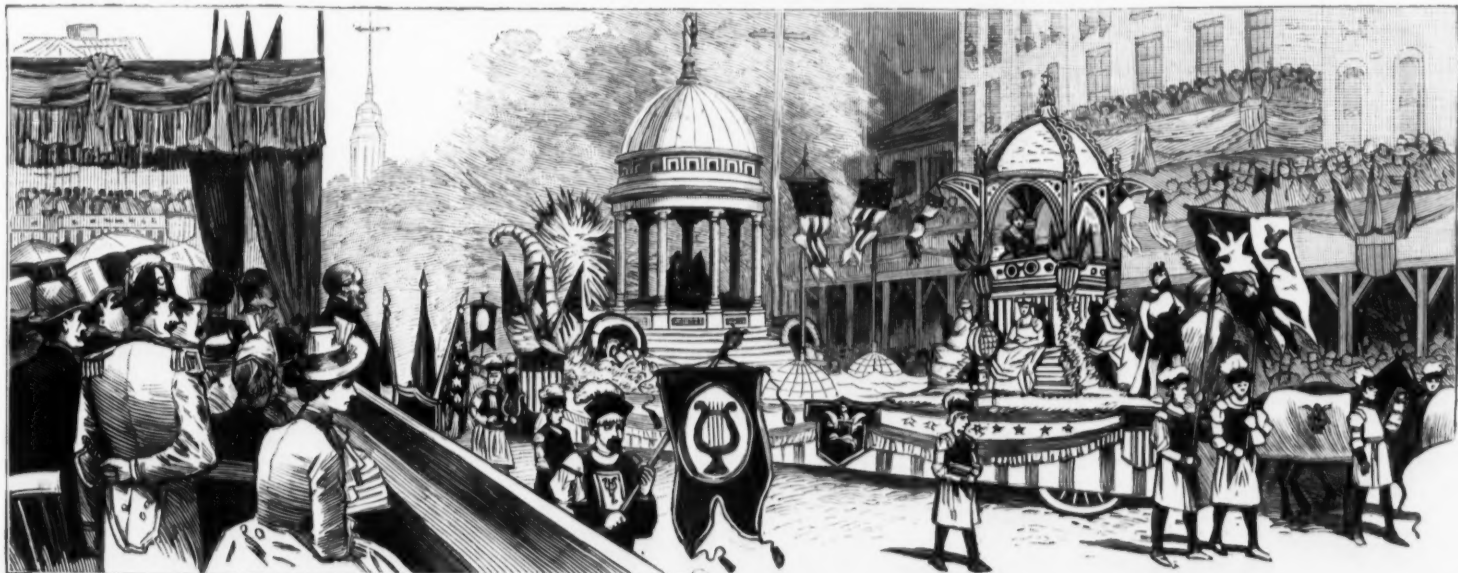
1. OLD CLO' WOMAN. 2. PICKING GESE AND CHICKENS. 3. THE KEY-MAN. 4. THE PRETZEL-VENDER. 5. A FISH-STALL. 6. AN ALL-SORTS STORE. 7. A CHARACTERISTIC CORNER.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE JEWISH QUARTER ON THE EAST SIDE—SCENES IN LUDLOW STREET MARKET.

DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS AND JOSEPH BECKER.



MRS. JOHN W. MACKAY.—[SEE PAGE 110.]



MARYLAND.—THE GRAND PATRIOTIC AND INDUSTRIAL CELEBRATION IN BALTIMORE, SEPTEMBER 9TH-14TH—THE INDUSTRIAL PROCESSION PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE PRESIDENT HARRISON.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 112.]

GHOSTS.

INTO a night of dreams and broken rest
Come trooping evil ghosts of years gone by,
To look upon me with reproachful eye,
Recalling deeds wherein I have transgressed.

Dark secrets hidden long within my breast
They seem to shout to all the earth and sky,
And, uttering in my sleep a frightened cry,
I wake to find my heart with fear oppress.

When wakening comes, fond lips still turn to press
Their kisses on my cheek, grown white and thin;
Dear arms still clasp me in a fond caress,
And love is still as it hath ever been;
Yet one stain mars its every tenderness—
The ghastly phantom of an old-time sin!

FRANK ROE BATCHELDER.

MY CASUAL DEATH.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

I.

"It is a sottish presumption to dislodge or condemn for false, which unto us seemeth to beare no show of likelihood or truth; which is an ordinarie fault in those who perswade themselves to be of more sufficiency than the vulgar sort. . . . But reason hath taught me, that so resolutely to condemn a thing for false and impossible, is to assume unto himself the advantage to have the bounds and limits of God's will, and the power of our common Mother Nature tied to his sleeve, and that there is no greater folly in the world than to reduce them to the measure of our capacite and bounds of our sufficiency." MONTAIGNE.



SINCE the occurrence of the principal event in my present conscious existence—that which I am now about to narrate—I have made some effort to understand the laws governing the relations between our human life and that which is vaguely defined as "the occult world," but prior to that time I had never given the slightest thought to such matters. Had I done so, it is extremely probable that this story would not be written. I had been fairly well educated in a small Southern college, where the knowledge imparted was of a plain,

practical sort—with the possible exception of the Latin and Greek, for which I am not aware that I ever had the least use. Nobody there made a hobby of metaphysics; a decent regard for religion was inculcated as one of the proprieties of life, but there was no bigotry, and that which is popularly styled "progressive thought" was rather discouraged, as likely to have an incendiary, iconoclastic, and Northern savor. Darwin's theories of evolution, I remember, were looked upon with decided disfavor, as advancing a hypothesis quite incompatible with a Southern gentleman's dignity of ancestry. I cannot say that I had ever fatigued myself with any very serious thinking. My studies gave me no particular trouble; I was quite content with learning what other people had deemed it worth while to find out and put into books; and that the world might have the slightest occasion for any use I could make of the gray matter of my brain never even occurred to me.

When I had completed my collegiate course I returned to my Virginia home and settled down to the management of my very considerable estate. Some young men might have had a fancy for going off to a big city and doing something to win fame and fortune, but I had not. Fame I cared nothing for, and of fortune I had sufficient. As my father had died while I was still a mere lad, and my mother passed away during my junior year, I was quite my own master, and it was no doubt very fortunate, as affecting my retention of the wealth I inherited, that I possessed such a contented spirit. During two or three years I led the laziest, dreamiest, and most colorless life that it is possible to conceive; looking after my farm in a routine way, riding a good deal, fishing, when trout and black bass were in season; seldom troubling myself to look at a newspaper, and never studying anything. Then the monotony of this semi-lethargic existence began to pull upon me, and I took a notion to go away for a while and see something of the world. That idea occurred to me in the spring, but it was not until early in June that I took any steps to carry it into execution. At that time I made up my mind that what I desired was a season at some fashionable watering-place, and with little deliberation settled upon Long Branch as most attractive. I trust that I may be pardoned for this prolixity about myself in that very uneventful and uninteresting portion of my life, for it has seemed to me necessary to give a clear idea of the sort of individual I was before Fate stirred the placid pool of my existence. Personally, I was called rather a good-looking fellow, tall, well built, with black hair and eyes, regular features, and a good set of teeth—nothing remarkable and quite as much as any reasonable man should expect.

Long Branch more than realized my anticipations. In fact it rather dazed me for a few days. There were so many apparently rich persons who seemed to have nothing in the world to do but to spend money and enjoy themselves; the hotels were so big and grand and luxurious in all their appointments; the elegantly-dressed ladies adorning the verandas, the drives, and the promenades were so numerous and beautiful; the music at the evening soirées in the parlors was so charming; the bathers, in their scanty but picturesque costumes, were so bewitching; and then, above all else in its never-failing attraction for me, was the sea. I would sit on the bluff for hours together, watching the flashing depths of green and silver and gold and pearl mirror back the fleeting, ever-changing beauties of the clouds; hearing the deep music of the billows breaking upon the beach away below me. And the sensuous joys of that new existence, so full of light, color, music, life, and movement, thrilled me with hitherto unknown sensations, perceptions, longings. I found myself looking and wishing for some one to participate in my novel emotions.

At a soirée, one evening, in the parlors of the hotel in which I lived, the floor-manager—who, although only the landlord, looked so very military that strangers thought him at least a major-general—assigned me as a partner to Miss Luella Yorane. She made a very favorable impression upon me, and I deemed myself exceedingly fortunate in securing her for several subsequent dances that evening, which was perhaps the easier as there was rather a scarcity of young gentlemen who danced. While we were promenading, she said to me:

"I hope you will pardon my seeming inattention, and at the same time not suspect me of being very deaf, but there was so much noise at the moment of our introduction, that I really could not hear your name distinctly."

"It is Fairfield," I replied. "Arthur Fairfield."

"Arthur," she repeated. "It is a name I have always liked. You are not a New Yorker?"

"No," I said, with possibly a little touch of pride in my tone; "I am a Virginian."

"Ah! Indeed? The State which has the honor of having given to your country its great George Washington; is it not?"

"Yes. Your question betrays the fact that you are not an American."

"I? Alas! no. Now what would you say that I am?"

"English, I should suppose."

"Well, the English flag is mine—as far as a woman may claim to have a flag—for my father was many years in the British consular service, and though I was born in Java, the English flag waved over the house where we lived, and made it legally part of England. But my father's official duties caused him to be shifted around so much from one place to another, all over the globe, that he became in the habit of saying that we were cosmopolites, not mere English, and when traveling, not upon official business, he used to put himself down upon the hotel registers as 'Daniel Yorane, Cosmos.'"

"A somewhat scattering address, that."

"I should say so. By-the-way, it was the cause of what seemed to me, at the time, rather a funny thing. Papa had just inscribed it upon the register in Nice, when a young Englishman—a diplomatic fledgeling on his wanderings, I believe—looked over his shoulder and exclaimed, in a tone of disgust: 'By Jove! I always thought until now that that was one word these beastly foreigners spelled the way it is pronounced.' 'What word?' asked papa, with a little surprise. 'Why, Como, doncherknow,' replied the diplomat."

So she prattled on in the intervals of the dance, blithe, piquant, artless, confiding, graceful, altogether charming in fact, seeming all the while to be unconsciously telling me everything about herself, and yet, as I have seen since when looking back over that conversation, never really giving any solid, tangible fact that a suspicious man might have seized upon and examined. But, if I had been asked, at the close of that memorable evening, what was Miss Yorane's distinguishing characteristic, I would honestly have said, "unaffected, childlike frankness—perfect candor." As for myself, I am perfectly aware that, without ever appearing to do so, she had drawn from me all that I was capable of telling her about my home, family, estate, friends, tastes, habits—indeed I believe that she even knew the names of my favorite horses and dogs, by the time she led me up for an introduction to her mother. And I was somehow made to feel that it was exceedingly kind of her to take such an interest in my trivial personal concerns. I have seen, both South and North—but especially in the former, I believe—many much more beautiful girls than Luella Yorane, but never one that had such power of fascination, of making me forget, when she was present, that there were other women. Do not understand me as endeavoring to convey the impression that she was not a very pretty girl, for she had a fair share of beauty. Her figure was certainly exquisite. None could be more charming in outline. And her skin was like thin white ivory through which glows the faint blush of a ruddy light. Her hair was very soft and chestnut-brown in tint, with auburn reflections in the sunlight, and her small mouth red as a ripe strawberry, its lips plump and tempting. But her chiefest witchery lay in her eyes, that in repose puzzled one with their shifting tints of gray and green and brown, but which, when she was animated or desired to bring their power to bear for conquest, seemed at times to radiate golden light, and again to grow dark as night. I never could tell the color of her eyes, and yet I looked into them very often.

Mrs. Yorane seemed to be a reserved, dignified, but kindly woman of little more than middle age, who, soon after accepting my presentation, exercised her maternal authority and took Luella away to their apartments. I did not care to dance any more that night. For me the evening was over when Luella disappeared.

The next day we went driving together. In two days more Mrs. Yorane intrusted me with the care of her daughter in the surf. Fortunately I had learned to swim in fresh water, so it was very easy for me to do so in the ocean, and Luella gave me quite a pleasurable little thrill of vanity when she whispered to me that she was quite proud of her escort. It is very absurd, no doubt, but none the less true, that I had already plunged "head and ears" in love with her, and I remember having—while we were together in the water and she was clinging, one moment to my arm and the next clasping my neck, uttering all the while the most melodious little screams and ripples of silvery laughter—a preposterous fancy that it would be quite delightful if we might be transformed into a pair of penguins and go on playing in the sea together forever.

One afternoon Luella joined in a game of lawn-tennis, a sport that I knew nothing about, and I had to sit on the veranda watching her graceful, agile movements. "Love!" "Love!" was the constantly recurring cry of the players. It seemed to mark some point in their game, but had a deeper significance to me, for I fancied that it had also for the fair girl who had bewitched me, and that it was the voice of the sweet smile that she from time to time favored me with. Her mother sat beside me talking, and I tried to at least follow the thread of her discourse. An estimable old lady, doubtless; but prosy.

"And so, when my poor husband died," she droned on, "we returned to England, and found that my cousin had already set up a wholly unwarrantable claim to the greater part of the Warwickshire estates. Of course the matter went to the courts for determination, but it is only a question of a little time. I have

the assurances of the very best counsel in England that he hasn't a leg to stand on, and the foolish, grasping fellow will be quite ruined by the costs and compensatory damages he will have to pay. But Luella could not stand the fogs and damps of London while we were waiting the slow progress of the courts. She is a child of the South, you know, and loves the sunshine, so we thought we might as well run over to the United States for a few months, any way, returning in time for Luella's presentation to the Queen next spring. But I hardly think we will ever make our home in England, even for the glory of living in the grand old castle in Warwickshire; Luella has taken such a fancy to America. We will probably, when the suit is decided in our favor, sell off the estate, or at least the greater part of it, and settle down permanently in this country."

I affected to be interested and impressed, but the truth is I had eyes only for Luella, ears only for the players' cries of "Love!" "Love!"

On Saturday Luella's uncle came down from New York to spend Sunday with his relatives. Mrs. Yorane introduced him to me as her brother, Colonel Egbert Devaux. I forget what he said he had served in, but it was probably the "Lancers," as most Englishmen I have met who claimed to have done military service have been in the "Lancers." He was a tall man, with closely-cropped side whiskers, black eyes, supercilious manners, and a "Prince Albert" coat. The coat, no doubt, made him very uncomfortable, for the weather was exceedingly hot, but it gave him a military style. I am free to say that I never liked Colonel Devaux. His English air of self-sufficiency and cold suspicion of everything not British jarred upon me. Nevertheless, he was Luella's uncle, and that consideration made me seek to propitiate him with a smooth subservience, for which I surely deserved to be kicked. On that first visit he ostentatiously endured me, nothing more, and I think that we would have quarreled had he remained a day or two longer instead of going back on Monday morning to New York, where, as I vaguely understood, he had something to do with some banking business. But when he reappeared on the succeeding Saturday he was more affable, almost cordial indeed, and our relations continued upon an amicable basis all season.

The summer passed delightfully. Before coming to Long Branch I had contemplated visiting some of the other fashionable northern resorts, but after meeting with Luella that intention was abandoned. What did I care for places where she was not present? With what could I amuse myself in her absence? I had practically resigned to her the direction of my existence, ceased thinking for myself. And why should I not, when she had so many good ideas? She always suggested what we should do, was never at a loss for something to propose, and that which she proposed was invariably the most desirable thing possible at the time. Never for a day were we at a loss for something to do to kill time most pleasantly, never for an hour were we dull. We drove, promenaded, crabbed in the Shrewsbury, boated on the lake, went to the races, attended the camp-meeting at Asbury Park, played billiards and various games on the lawn, bathed, and—sweetest of all—sat together in the big, hooded, wicker "lover's nests" on the bluff overlooking the sea. Sometimes her mother was with us, of course, but not always, and when we were a trio she was as complaisant, considerate, and altogether as endurable a mother as any good girl should want or any reasonable young man expect. Truly it was a most enjoyable summer. And yet I cannot say that I "made love" to Luella, not consciously, at least, though all the time I wished to. I was timid, for I had had no experience in such matters to guide me, and feared that by precipitancy I might prejudice my case. It was not until I learned that the fashionable season was drawing to a close, and that very soon Luella and her mother would be going away, that I waked from my summer-day dream of bliss and comprehended that I must, by plain speech, win my love, or through procrastination risk losing her forever. So I seized my first opportunity.

We were sitting together in our favorite hooded nest on the bluff when I told Luella that I loved her, and asked her to be my wife. That is a plain statement of the facts, and I trust that I shall be excused from repeating in detail my fervid excesses of language upon that occasion. Luella seemed affected by the earnestness of my appeal and protestations, but remained silent so long that I trembled with apprehension. I pleaded with her to tell me that I at least was not an object of indifference to her.

"If you had been," she replied, with a coy witchery of tone and smile peculiarly her own, "I would never have given you an opportunity to speak to me as you have."

"And you are not offended that I love you?"

"Do I either flee from or repulse you?"

"Will you love me sufficiently to be my wife?"

"Yes."

Her answer was whispered low, but I heard it. Day was ending, the tide was out, and the beach free from bathers; before us there were no human eyes but those of the fishermen in their boats far away, and I gathered her unresisting form in my arms in an impulsive, passionate caress, the outburst and expression of my ecstatic happiness.

"Do not kiss me so furiously," she laughingly protested, her cheeks aflame and her eyes blazing. "You take my breath away."

"My rapture intoxicates me," I answered her.

After I had for a little while enjoyed my new-found heaven of happiness she brought me back to earth.

"You must gain mamma's consent," she said, softly, but very seriously.

I had not even thought of "mamma" before, but now the idea of her loomed up in formidable proportions. The young and inexperienced who really love take alarm easily. Their love so absorbs and dominates them that they are startled by it. They have the idea that they are the discoverers of the ultimate capacities of this masterful passion. Reason tells them that others have believed they loved before, but their own hearts assure them that to no predecessor has love been what it is to them. Are they, they modestly ask themselves, worthy of so great a boon from the gods, and will others, who have the right to be, measurably, the arbiters of their destinies, so regard them? The young man must be either basely indifferent, very self-confident, or altogether unworthy who can, without emotion and even trepi-

dation, demand of a parent that he, a consciously very imperfect mortal, shall be intrusted with the happiness of an angel, which he confessedly knows his beloved one is.

I asked Luella if she thought there was any danger of her mother opposing our union. She replied that she hoped not, but that she knew "mamma" entertained some ambitious projects for her, the primary step in which, of course, would be marrying her to a man of rank. At the same time mamma loved her too well, she thought, to sacrifice her happiness by separating her from the man she loved, merely to gild her life-long misery with the empty honor of a title.

Fancy, if you can, how happy I was made by such an involuntary avowal of the depth of her affection for me. It gave me courage.

"I will see her this very evening," I said, "and she may as well consent, for marry you I certainly shall, now that I know you love me."

"Why! Would you marry me if she said 'No'?"

"Yes; before the echoes of her negative ceased rumbling through the firmament."

Oh! she vowed she could never marry without her mother's consent, but even as she spoke the little witch gave me a look of such fond affection as told me that she did not mean her words.

(To be continued.)

SCENES IN "A MARKET OF THE SLUMS."

(Continued from page 104.)

for their Sabbath dinners. There is no market-house. The selling is done from stray huckster-wagons, push-carts, rickety stands, baskets, boxes, portable trays suspended from the incipient merchant's neck, house-steps, fence-railings, balustrades, or anything on which or in which the poor, strange wares can be displayed. Soon after turning into Hester Street from the Bowery you find the straggling end of the market, and the nearer you get to Ludlow Street the more crowded does the narrow, filthy, ill-smelling thoroughfare become with wretched, ragged, unclean humanity, and eager, shouting, bargaining vendors of everything under the sun that the poor can buy. The four corners at the intersection of Ludlow and Hester streets are so crowded that it takes all your strength to elbow your way through, and even in the street there is no passage-way left for wagons, and they get through only after a good deal of profane shouting and threatening passes of the whip. Up and down Ludlow Street the market extends for a block or so, and along Hester, east of Ludlow, it straggles a couple of blocks beyond Essex Street.

I cannot begin to tell you how filthy the place is, nor how dirty, forsaken, slatternly, and hopeless-looking the people that crowd it. The odor from the decaying vegetable matter, bad eggs, cheese, fish-stands, poultry-stands, and unwashed men, women, and children is horrible, and would deprive even the strongest stomach unaccustomed to it of appetite for the daintiest meal. The sidewalks are covered with a foul slime, through which the women drag their tattered skirts unconcernedly. It lies stagnant in the gutters, and makes the cobble-stones in the street slippery and unsafe. At the fish-stands buckets and pans of bloody water, through which the fish have been swiped, are upset on the sidewalk, sometimes over children's bare legs, or the battered, shapeless shoes of the women, and scarcely a murmur is heard.

Every available space is occupied by the sellers, and the buyers have to thread their way in and out among the improvised stands. And what buyers they are—mostly women, and such miserable dregs of womanhood, without a trace of feminine charm or sweetness! The poorest look prematurely old, with hair thin, gray, and unkempt, skin wrinkled and discolored, stony despair on their pinched, faded faces, or else with the bleared eyes, bloated features, and disgusting leer of the drunken drab. They are clad in faded, greasy calico wrappers, or, worse still, in the cast-off garments of more fortunate women, that look as though they had reached their wearers through the medium of the sewer. They are barefooted or shod in the remnants of shoes found in ash-barrels, with dirty, coarse stockings hanging in folds around the thick, graceless ankles. They are, as a rule, bareheaded, or else topped off with a hat so battered and grotesque that it would be impossible to caricature it; and their slouching figures are unsupported by corsets. A woman with a decent hat on is a subject of curious, wondering comment, while if she wears gloves also she is pointed out as a being from the unexplored world beyond Third Avenue. There are woeful-looking girls fifteen or sixteen years old carrying puny infants, and everywhere are women with children in their arms, clinging to their skirts, or else on their way to the world of poverty and privation. There is a sprinkling of lost women, who are regarded with dull indifference or a stupid envy by the rest, and are distinguished by their rouged cheeks and attempt at display with the cheap finery of the East Side shops. One young Jewess, with wavy black hair and eyes like sloes, is the belle of the market because she has on a pair of French-heeled slippers and a new wrapper of red-and-black calico, which she trails through the slime on the sidewalk. Even these dismal creatures have a trace of vanity left, and but few of them are without "false fronts" or coarse wigs to eke out the scanty supply of hair nature has left them. I saw more than one old crone barefooted, or her big, swollen toes sticking out of her shoes, and skirt hanging in tatters from waist to hem, with a brown or shining black or auburn wig over her sparse locks.

"Hunger is the best sauce," but I should think it would take a deal of that sauce to coax any one to swallow the things sold in this market. In the entire market I saw no fruit that was not at least partially decayed or else so green that the sight of it made me shudder at the fate of the sickly children to whom it would be given. The vegetables lay in heaps, rotten or withered, and looked so disgusting that a self-respecting cow would have refused to touch them. Eggs were sold at so much apiece, and each egg was carefully picked open to show it was good. Where the freshness was doubtful, they were sold for less, and I saw many poor women with glasses of broken eggs that had "run." They were not spoiled. Oh, no. But the odor from them wasn't particularly appetizing. A few spoonfuls of sweet oil, the color of New Orleans molasses, was bought for a penny and carried

home in a cracked cup or fragment of a saucer. Fish was sold everywhere, in basements, from street-stands, from push-carts, and even from wooden trays carried around by men, and wherever they were for sale there was a crowd of women haggling over the price and pushing their dirty fingers into the soft sides of the none-too-fresh fish. Boiled crabs and lobsters, covered with flies, were on sale, and were bought with never a question as to whether they were put in the pot alive or dead. At one fish-stand in a small, dark, basement room women were crowded five and six deep before the counter, and they reached over each other's shoulders and caught up fish, letting the water from them drip on those in front, but there was no word of protest. A little more or a little less dirt made no difference to them. The place was as dark as a dungeon, and the weak, yellow lights flared up and flickered out every few seconds, giving glimpses of the weird scene. In the windows of the stores where poultry was sold, women tossed over the undressed chickens and ducks, and held them up by the neck to ask the proprietor how much they cost. There were other women at the windows and in the stores plucking chickens and ducks as fast as they were sold. They get one or two cents apiece for doing this work, and make from fifty cents to a dollar a week, but they are grateful for even that pittance to help clothe or feed their little ones.

Here and there were men and boys of pronounced Jewish features, with grimy hands and face, eating breakfast where they bought it, sometimes a bit of bread and hot boiled corn, or a boiled crab or lobster, cracking the shell with their teeth and digging the meat out with their finger-nails; or else fruit or sausage, or only a loaf of dry bread.

Many of the things sold in the market are unknown to American tables, and from their appearance and odor are likely to remain unknown. The only thing I saw that looked in the least inviting was the bread. The bread-stands (one of which was a big, shallow box resting on a barrel and a saw-buck) were filled with big, crusty loaves and pointed rolls of a delicious golden brown, and dotted over with caraway-seeds.

Eatables are by no means the only things sold at this market. Everything required by the humble households in the vicinity can be bought here. There are dishes of heavy delf, not attractive as far as shape and color are concerned, but well calculated to subdue an insubordinate wife if shied across a room at her. Pyramids of hardware are found on the corners; there are peddlers of cheap jewelry, and they are well patronized; there are sidewalk dry-goods and clothing stores, vendors of all sorts of notions from a collar-button or pair of shoe-laces to a pair of suspenders or a bustle; there are push-carts filled with every style of undergarments for men, women, and children, and to cap the climax, an old creature with red eyes, wrinkled face, and trembling hands had a few second-hand dresses spread out on an iron balustrade, and called the attention of passers-by to her pitiful stock-in-trade. Old women with feeble, tottering steps make their way through the crowd, offering tallow and sperm candles for sale, four or five for three cents, and even at that price the buyers hesitate about investing all of three cents in such a luxury, although in their squalid rooms they may have no other light. There is the man with the hoop of keys over his shoulder, and intricate indeed must be the lock which cannot be fitted from his miscellaneous collection. There is the man with the pretzels strung on a stick like a broom-stick, calling "billy, billy, billy," in a plaintive voice.

Women fish around in barrels of herrings till they find one big enough for the money they pay; they stop at the carts full of ready-made underclothing and measure the garments on themselves with as little concern as though they were in their own homes instead of in a crowded street, and I saw one woman buy a rough cotton diaper for three cents and sit down on the curb and pin it on her half-naked infant.

The market-baskets range in size from the bushel-basket to those holding about a quart, and they are filled with the most miscellaneous collection of purchases I ever saw in a market-basket. Some of the buyers come with well-filled purses, and buy an abundance of (to them) good things for the table; others come clutching a few pennies, and trudge from one end of the market to the other in search of a few withered vegetables and scraps of meat for a soup. One poor creature, bent almost double with age and sorrow, carried one of those little closely-woven covered baskets that our mothers used to carry their sewing to the neighbors' in. In it she had two decayed bananas, one parsnip that was as wrinkled with age as her own furrowed face, and a soft, slippery little fish, scarcely longer than my hand. Some do not even have baskets, but carry their purchases under their arms or in turned-up aprons. I saw a woman, who was probably not more than twenty-five but looked forty, carrying a baby on one arm, and leading a little lame boy with the other hand. Pressed against the baby's body she carried a dripping flat fish, that for beauty certainly yielded the palm to the Spanish mackerel.

The purse-strings of the poor are always opened at the cry of the needy, and they will give while there is a shot in the locker. There were beggars in the market, and they reaped a better harvest than they would on Fifth Avenue. One boy, with a receding forehead and something the matter with his eyes, sat on a soap-box at the corner of Ludlow and Hester streets, jingling some pennies and soliciting alms in Hebrew. Many of the women who passed him took a penny from their little stock of coin and dropped it in his tin cup. The boy kept up the rattle continually, and at the same time called out to the people around in familiar tones, or laughed at some one's mishap, taking up ever and anon his monotonous cry for charity. A little farther on was another beggar, a poor, deformed creature, with hands like claws, all bent and drawn out of shape, in which he held a rusty tin cup for the charitable to drop their pennies in. He looked cheerful, and chatted with the people, and they took his contentment as a matter of course, and felt it their duty to give him something, when, under similar circumstances, we would have looked on him as a fraud because he did not pull a long face, and would have passed him by.

The market prices are quite as high as anywhere else in the city, and the quality of the things sold is such that they would be dear at any price.

True it is that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

ELIZABETH A. TOMPKINS.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL LEGITIME, ex-President of Hayti, has gone to France.

THE pugilist, John L. Sullivan, announces himself as a candidate for Congress.

THE widow of President James K. Polk celebrated her eighty-sixth birthday on the 4th inst.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER will not be seen on the stage this season owing, it is said, to ill-health.

MISS LINCOLN, daughter of Minister-to-England Robert Lincoln, has become an acknowledged belle in London.

MINISTER WHITELOW REID is showering lavish hospitality on his countrymen who happen to bring letters of introduction to him in Paris.

THE New Jersey Democrats have nominated Leon Abbett as their candidate for Governor. He has already filled the office for one term of three years.

GENERAL BOULANGER has written to the French Prime Minister claiming the right to be tried by court-martial, and pledging himself to appear before such tribunal.

THE President has appointed Thomas H. Anderson, of Ohio, Minister-resident and Consul-general to Bolivia, and Auleck Palmer, of the District of Columbia, Consul at Dresden.

BISHOP GILMOUR, of Cleveland, has been selected by Cardinal Gibbons to preach the sermon at the dedication of the new Roman Catholic University of Washington on November 13th.

MR. ALLEN MANVILLE, late vice-president of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba, was elected president of the Atchafalaya, to succeed President Strong, whose resignation was accepted.

MARY ANDERSON, who is visiting William Black, the novelist, in the Scotch Highlands, is said to be in fine health and spirits. She will remain in Scotland until October, and will not return to the stage for a long time.

THE "king" of the Connellsville (Pa.) coke region is Henry Clay Frick, who twenty years ago was a poor book-keeper. He now owns 8,000 coke ovens, and with them controls the coke market of America. He is forty years of age.

WHEN Chief Justice Fuller, who is now on duty in Chicago, is not holding court he amuses himself by riding around town in the street-cars to observe the changes made during his absence. He proposes to re-establish his family in their Chicago home.

A MEMORIAL is to be erected at Canterbury to Christopher Marlowe, the Elizabethan poet, from one of whose dramas Goethe built up his tragedy of "Faust." Among the subscribers to the memorial are George W. Childs, H. H. Furness, and James Russell Lowell.

COLONEL DAN LAMONT is said to have accepted the presidency of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, at a salary of \$10,000 a year. Colonel Lamont and ex-Senator Platt, of New York, control about \$1,000,000 of the company's stock, and direct its affairs.

"GENERAL" BOOTH, in opening a new Salvation Hall in Liverpool, defied any one to point out any authorized doing of the Salvation Army not justified from the Bible. They had 2,700 societies and 8,000 officers, for the most part self-supported, and the annual income was not less than \$4,000,000.

THE Prohibitionists of Massachusetts have nominated Dr. John Blackman for Governor. In Pennsylvania the Democrats have nominated Edward A. Bigler for State Treasurer on a "revenue reform" platform. In Iowa a full labor ticket has been nominated, headed by S. B. Downing for Governor.

AMONG recent deaths in New York City is that of Henry W. Genet, the "Prince Hal" of Tweed's day. He was concerned in the "Court-House steal," and as Senator, Assemblyman, and political boss, was one of the most notorious of the ring which so long despoiled the metropolis. To escape punishment, he went into exile, and then returning, stood trial, was convicted and sent to the penitentiary. His last days were spent in obscurity.

In a speech at a banquet in Paris, recently, Mr. Gladstone said that he recognized "America's right to be considered, prospectively, at least, and even now to some extent, the great organ of the powerful English tongue." He indulged in feelings of satisfaction on reflecting that no cause on earth, unless our own folly now or hereafter, ought to divide us from one another, or revive those causes of honorable or less honorable contention that have heretofore prevailed among us.

THE American beauty, Miss Jennie S. Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio, has just been married in London to Captain Herbert Naylor Leyland. The Chamberlains have resided off and on in England for nearly a dozen years. Miss Chamberlain was well-known, and her people have been frequent guests at Sandringham, the home of the Prince of Wales. Her portrait has been hung in the Grosvenor Gallery, and an exquisite bust in marble, by the sculptor D'Epigny, has been exhibited in Rome as a companion-piece to the bust of the Empress of Russia.

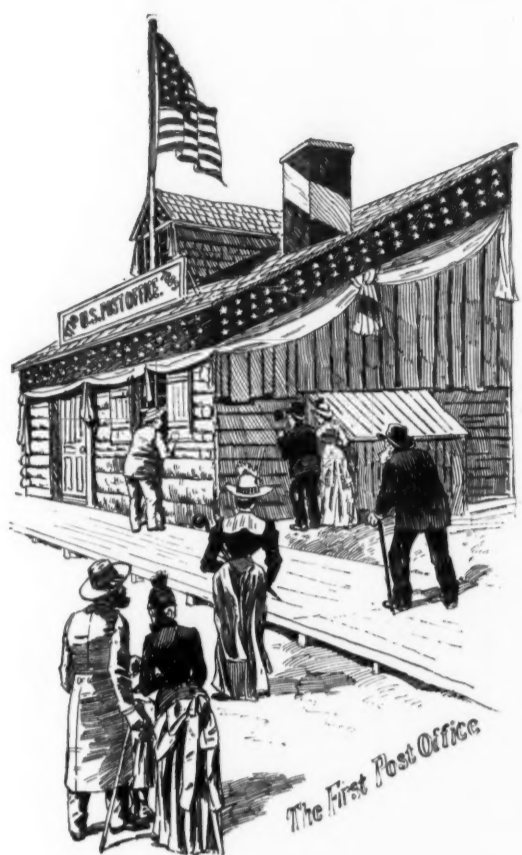
MRS. LANGTRY recently visited Paris to provide herself with a new comedy-drama. She is looking extremely well, and is in excellent health and spirits. The story of her suffering from nasal trouble was grossly exaggerated. Mr. Edmund Yates says that she has no definite plans for the future, but apparently she has had enough of America for the present. She started on her English provincial tour on the 9th inst., which will extend through the autumn. It is not impossible that after Christmas she will become temporarily the lessee of a London theatre.

JOHN BURNS, the executive head of the great London strike, appears to be a man of decided ability. Personally he is a socialist, but he does not seem to have been swayed by his peculiar views in his management of the strike. He was always cool, earnest, and active. He had to deal with unorganized forces of men scattered inconveniently over a wide area. On some days he made over thirty speeches, and had to visit as many points of the metropolis. Burns is self-educated, and his neatly furnished house has a large library of books, chiefly on political economy and works of reference. He has been a lifelong teetotaler and non-smoker.



IS IT WORTH MENDING?—A STREET SCENE NEAR THE FRENCH MARKET IN NEW ORLEANS.

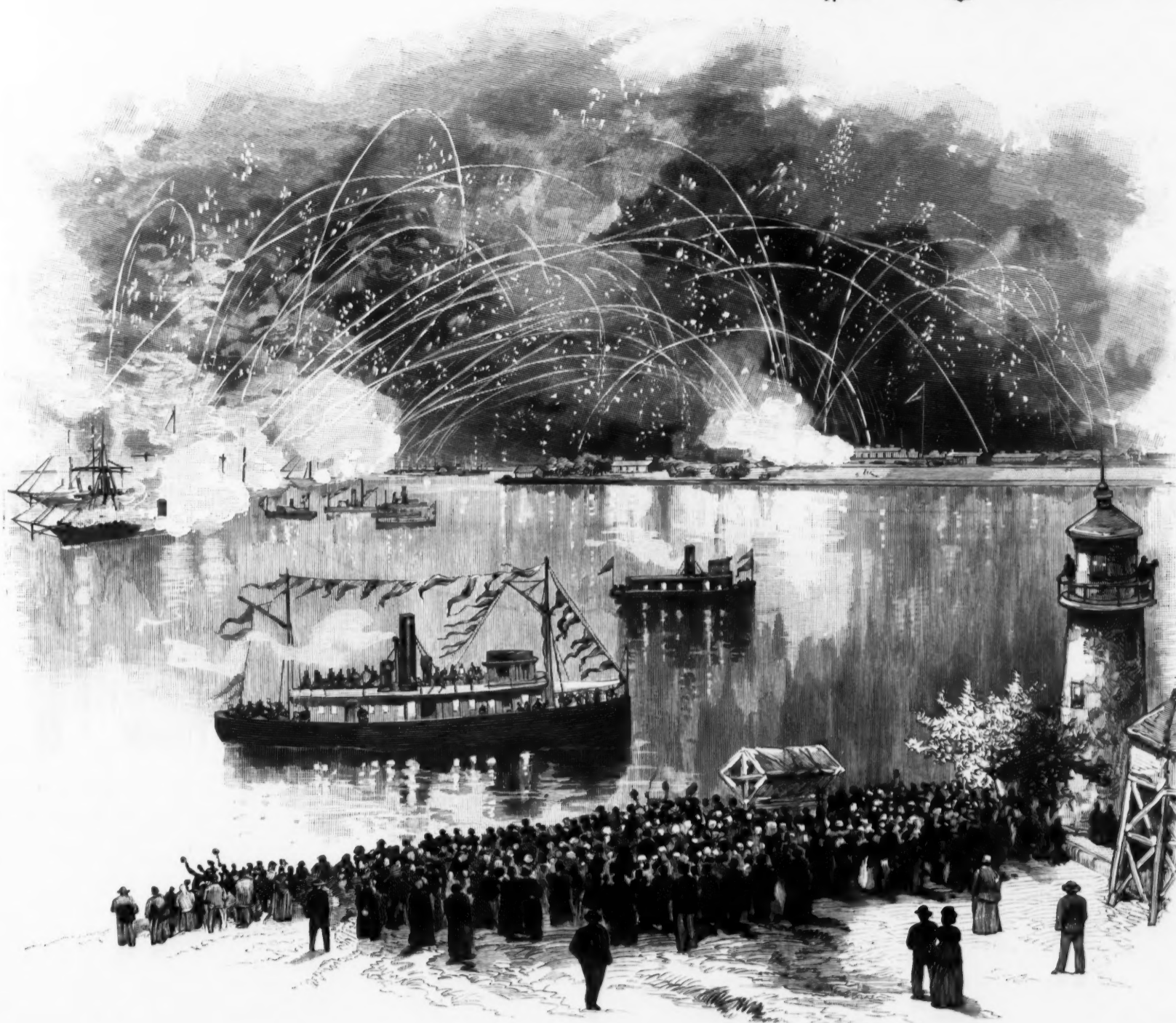
[SEE PAGE 110.]



The First Post Office



THE NEW POST OFFICE



THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT M'HENRY.

MARYLAND.—THE GRAND PATRIOTIC AND INDUSTRIAL CELEBRATION IN BALTIMORE, SEPTEMBER 9TH-14TH.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 112.]

THE OUTSIDER.

SOMETIMES it seems to me that energy is cumulative. The vitality of what are termed "old men" is a thousand times more alert, powerful, and successful than that of the most determined of juvenile hustlers. I not only mean by this that old men accomplish more, for it is natural enough that their superior experience and intelligence should produce better results from the same amount of effort. What is more remarkable is that they work harder, steadier, and with more directness and absorption than men fifty years younger. I am not speaking of a few isolated cases, but of the army of men in the neighborhood of seventy years who are holding the leading-strings of the world, and who apparently keep their power mainly by virtue of steadfast and tireless work.

* * *

In America a man is usually shelved in the hour of his greatest usefulness. The older countries have a better appreciation of age than the United States. This is particularly so in Germany. A man rarely receives credit for sagacity and ability over there who has not passed his sixtieth year. Von Moltke, until his recent voluntary retirement on the approach of his ninetieth year, was the central figure of the greatest war office on earth. I have seen him in his eighty-eighth year pegging away as steadily at his desk as the most ambitious of lieutenants. He slept on a camp bedstead, ate two sparse meals a day, and trudged sturdily from his palace to the war office at eight o'clock every morning. He was not a figure-head, by any means. His erect figure was familiar in every department of the big building over which he presided. Bismarck's age, though advanced, is lost sight of in the sturdy and majestic personality of the man. Undoubtedly the superior age of the old Emperor William, who rode a big horse and directed an imperial review in his eighty-ninth year, made the Chancellor and Field Marshal of the German Empire feel like boys in comparison. But they do not seem to have grown old even since William's death.

* * *

There is a solidity about the achievements and fame of men of years that is in sharp contrast to the cheap notoriety and flash-light celebrity of their juniors. But energy is the word that typifies their success in every instance. One of the busiest men in New York, for instance, is Charles A. Dana. He is barely this side of seventy years, and he has earned fame and fortune enough to entitle him to rest if he cared to take it. Yet he is the busiest man in the offices of the two newspapers which he directs, and he personally reads nearly every line before it is printed in the morning paper. The caricaturists are woefully amiss in drawing Mr. Dana—as they usually do—in the form of a stoop-shouldered, chubby, and mischief-making boy. He is, on the contrary, a handsome, stalwart, and alert man, as straight as an Indian, and as brisk in movement as a professional athlete. His intense activity is mental as well as physical. After an exhaustive day in the office, he has been known to seek repose by studying the mysteries of Icelandic dialects with Elihu Root. Mr. Dana has another distinction besides that of his wonderful vitality. This is a suavity of manner which is precisely similar to that which characterizes men of distinction and affairs in Europe.

* * *

Perhaps it is in the business world that men of advanced age are the most prominent. The heads of half the great commercial houses in New York are well along toward the seventies, and it is worth noting that, in nearly every instance where there is a crash in one of these great moneyed institutions, the information is forthcoming that affairs became involved after the death or retirement of the head of the firm. A few days ago, at the Westchester Race Course, I heard some one running briskly down the steps of the grand stand, and turning round, discovered Mr. Constable, of the big dry-goods house in New York, with a pair of field-glasses in one hand and a racing-card in the other. He had rushed up from business for the pleasure of having a look at the horses, and after the races were over he jumped into a cart and drove sixteen miles to his country place on the Sound to dinner. The next morning I saw him on the eight-o'clock train coming into town on business as usual. I do not know his age exactly, but it is somewhere between seventy-five and eighty years. Very few clerks in his great establishment work as hard or get as much out of life as the aged millionaire who holds the lines of direction.

* * *

There must be some other incentive than money-making behind this intense activity among the prominent old men of the world. Why, for instance, should Flagler, the Standard Oil millionaire, work like a beaver, when he has one of the most beautiful country places to be found in the vicinity of New York, is an ardent lover of horses, and devoted to yachting? His stables are capably stocked, and he owns two crack yachts, either of which is big enough for an ocean trip. A modest estimate of his fortune would be \$20,000,000. Yet he never gets time to drive, ride, or sail, except on Sundays, and works like a pack-horse. It must be the love of work alone which spurs him on. He is a man of slim physique, with white, closely-cropped hair and mustache, and the look of a *littérateur* or student. If he were smooth shaven he would look not unlike William M. Evarts.

* * *

The latter, by-the-way, has put himself on record as the only eminent man in the world who is opposed to physical exercise. Mr. Evarts does not lift weights before breakfast nor swing chairs around his head, after the fashion of William Cullen Bryant. He smiles in derision at the rubber chest-expander which Oliver Wendell Holmes affects, and disapproves of the strict military régime of Von Moltke and Bismarck. He bestows his spare and diminutive frame in large and luxurious beds, eats heavy breakfasts, and never walks when he can ride. He says that the result of this is that he is enabled to devote all of his strength to his law business and to affairs of legislation.

* * *

Boucicault's seventy odd years have not in the least affected his spirits or his fertility of resource. He is the only instance since the death of Liszt, the great pianist, of an old man who possessed irresistible powers of fascination for young women. There are certain phases of Mr. Boucicault's life which seldom find their way into print, but which lift the man into a startling

position among his fellow septuagenarians. It is almost universally the case that, when a man of advanced years marries a young and pretty woman, it is the husband who watches the wife, and who sometimes has reason for his constant vigils. In the various marriages and countless episodes which have signalized the life of one of the most remarkable Irishmen ever born, it has invariably been the case that the young and pretty wife has had to do all the watching. Boucicault's liking for the show places of the town, and his passion for appearing on the surface of things, are as strong as ever. A corner table at Delmonico's, a prominent box at the theatre, and a subsequent supper are as entrancing and attractive to him at his present age as they are to the veriest fledgeling who hopes to make a ripple on the surface of the town.

* * *

Perhaps no more thoroughly dissimilar type to Boucicault could be found than is supplied in the person of David Dudley Field, one of the most distinguished of American lawyers, and a man who works harder in his eighty-fourth year than nine-tenths of the junior lawyers in New York. Rain or shine, Mr. Field walks six miles a day, and his still stalwart figure is familiar on all of the prominent streets. He has something of a military look about him even yet, and the same quick and intelligent glance of the eye which Mr. Gladstone boasts.

The Liberal leader, however, is even a more industrious man than David Dudley Field, his day's work beginning as early as seven o'clock. I went to his house once in the St. James, in London, at that hour with an important telegram, expecting to wake the ex-Premier. But I found him standing in his library, wearing his customary frock suit, and vigorously haranguing a committee of linen-draperies who had come up from Sheffield for the purpose of shaking hands with the Grand Old Man. Mr. Gladstone's energy is by no means intermittent. His work is performed with thorough method, and it extends pretty much through every hour of the day and up to ten o'clock at night. His son, Herbert Gladstone, has been trained into the work after a fashion, so that he relieves the leader of the Liberal party of some of the wear and tear of official labor. But this leaves a very large amount of talking, writing, and directing to the elder Gladstone, and he goes through it with unvarying buoyancy day after day.

* * *

One picks up a paper to-day and finds a good deal of space devoted to a lawsuit of General Butler's against the District of Columbia. Forty years ago the papers recorded the actions of the same man in a similar fashion, and during the interim he has constantly kept in front by the same species of energy which he is exhibiting to-day. It is not spasmodic or occasional, but the steady hammering away at his profession of a man who does not know what it means to rest.

* * *

Wall Street has the smallest showing of men of years who are still active in the conduct of affairs. By Wall Street I mean the speculative element, pure and simple. There is a number of conservative old bankers there who are still hard at work, but the manipulators of the market like Cummack, Gould, and Villard are not weighted down with years. The pace is too hot, apparently, for, after a half-century of life is gone, the inevitable talk of retirement arises. If Cyrus Field, for instance, had retired some years ago he would have been a happy man to-day, and people who have recently seen Mr. Gould are astonished at the wonderful change that has come over him. The man who was formerly a bundle of nerves has become slow and languid in movement and speech. His coal-black hair and beard exist only in memory, since the gray now has the upper hand.

* * *

The list of men whose greatest achievements have been signalized after they had passed the half-century line of life includes the notable personages of the world, except in literature. Most of the great book writers made fame when young. But, in affairs and in the world of push, force, and work, it is the men of age who invariably hold the lead.

Beachy Hall

MRS. JOHN W. MACKAY.

MRS. JOHN W. MACKAY, wife of the California millionaire and cable-owner, arrived some weeks since from Europe, and her presence in New York has naturally enough excited a great deal of eager attention. Mrs. Mackay is one of the women whom the whole world talks about; of whom the whole world tells stories and expresses opinions and praises, and sometimes abuses. She is a godsend to the society gossip, and a shining mark for the newspaper paragrapher.

Her social triumphs in London and Paris have been of the broad and brilliant kind. For sixteen years she has lived with princes and potentates, poets and painters, has entertained them, and has in turn been entertained. Her house in Paris is a palace, and her residence at Buckingham Gate is next door to royalty. It is small wonder, therefore, that she has been talked of and written about; that novelists have woven stories about and around her personality, and that play-writers have taken five-act dramas out of her marvelous social career.

Marvelous, indeed, scarcely describes it. The simple and unvarnished tale sounds like a modern imitation of the "Arabian Nights." Mrs. Mackay is a New York girl—that is to say, a New York City girl—and has never relinquished, under any circumstances, anything of her absolute Americanism. She was the daughter of Colonel Hungerford, of Waterford, in this State, an officer in the Mexican War. At the age of eighteen years she was the widow of Dr. W. C. Bryant, of Downieville, Cal., a relative of the poet, and two years subsequently she married John W. Mackay, whose phenomenal success in the mines, even at that time, 1868, marked him out among the bonanza kings of the Pacific coast.

Early in the seventies the young couple went abroad and have practically lived there ever since, although Mr. Mackay's business interests have required his being on this side of the At-

lantic a great part of the time. But Mrs. Mackay has divided her time between London and Paris, and her social success has been unique and brilliant, and altogether without precedent. In Paris she gathered about her what is known as the Faubourg St. Germain set, of whom the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and the Duc de Chartres are the leading spirits, and in due time her daughter Eva, the child of her first marriage, was wedded to Prince Colonna of Italy, who belongs to one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in Europe. In London Mrs. Mackay entertained the leading people of England with and without titles. The Prince of Wales has often been her guest, and just previous to her departure from Europe she was present at the marriage of the daughter of the Prince of Wales to the Duke of Fife, and Mrs. Mackay's present of a diamond necklace to the bride was accounted one of the most valuable and welcome of the entire collection. Anything more significant of the kind of social position which Mrs. Mackay holds in London could not be given.

What is set down here touching how much this American woman has accomplished in the two leading capitals of Europe in a social way is the briefest and most incomplete catalogue. The fact of what she has done, however, has never been seriously questioned. What has been intimated, and always intimated by those who know nothing of society in London or Paris, is that Mrs. Mackay has purchased her social triumphs, and that the princes and potentates, dukes and duchesses, poets and painters and statesmen have been bribed, and that their presence in her drawing-rooms is a tribute to the power of money. This idea, of course, is absurd on the face of it, and could find currency only among people who are wholly ignorant of the ways and make-up of European society.

Mrs. Mackay, it is true, is a very wealthy woman. Years ago her husband made her an unconditional present of \$5,000,000 in United States bonds, and gave her also a residence at the French capital and one in London. Equipped in this way financially, it was quite possible for her to entertain in a fashion that made her entertainments the sensation of all Europe; but the possession merely of wealth would never have opened the doors which were gladly opened to her, and would never have won for her the social position abroad which is unquestionably hers.

Her social triumphs are the triumphs of her personality. This is a peculiarly winning one. Her manners are gentle and gracious, and in her appearance, in her talk, and in every way, the cultivated gentlewoman is suggested. There is a simple cordiality and a kindness about her which is irresistible, and attracts and retains the esteem and admiration of every one she meets. In short, she is such a woman as would have won social position for herself under any circumstances. With unlimited wealth at her command, however, to make good all her gentle and kindly impulses, it was quite to be expected that the social position she would win is the kind of social position here described.

Mrs. Mackay's present visit will be a brief one, but so soon as the education of her two boys is finished it is probable that she will spend at least one-half her time in this country, and will become known in the society of New York and Washington as she is now known in the society of London and Paris. Her oldest boy, William, is still a student at Oxford, and will not finish there for another two years. He will then become associated in business with his father here, and that will tend, of course, a great deal to establish the family on this side of the ocean. The younger boy, Clarence, is at school at Beaumont near Windsor, in England, and has not yet entered college.

In appearance Mrs. Mackay is gentle and attractive, with a peculiar and noticeable refinement of feature, melancholy eyes, and a fresh and youthful complexion. She is still a young woman. Her first marriage occurred when she was fifteen years of age, and she is less than sixteen years older than her daughter, the Princess Colonna.

A DIFFICULT JOB.

THE picture on page 108 will recall to those of our readers who may have visited New Orleans a figure who often attracts attention in the French quarter of that city—the street-cobbler, waiting for custom just beside his door-post. In the case which the artist has so admirably depicted, the customer has evidently proposed a difficult job, and the maker and mender of shoes is debating gravely whether the one he holds in his hand is worth repairing. The "auntie" waits his decision with undoubted interest, if not with a touch of anxiety, and it is possible that her obvious solicitude may induce a more favorable verdict than would otherwise be given. The picture is full of good points, and will well repay attentive study.

THE HOROSCOPE OF WALL STREET.

ABOUT a month ago I intimated in this column that the deliberate attempt, so open-handed that it could hardly deceive any intelligent man, to lower the prices of *Sante Fé*, *Missouri Pacific*, and *Manhattan Elevated* stocks, among others, indicated the mysterious hand of Jay Gould and his evident purpose to prepare those stocks for a rise. Each one of these, since the time when I wrote, has had an advance, though I do not say they will continue to rise. It is possible, of course, that Mr. Gould, with Mr. Huntington to aid him on the other side of the ocean (where, by the way, George Gould has just gone), is ready to bring about such an arrangement in the shape of a consolidation agreement or merging of interests as will lift *Sante Fé* and the *Missouri Pacific* out of the deep rut into which they have fallen. At any rate, the bulls are rejoicing over a signal victory. The failure of a bear operator of such distinction as Mr. Musgrave is no trifling matter. It indicates that there are chances of catching other bears in such a market as we have. This failure, more than anything else, has driven away some croakers and given the bulls new strength.

I must insist that little comfort can be found in such a gigantic stock operation as Mr. Villard is contemplating just now. My warning, given three weeks ago, when his \$160,000,000 consolidated debt scheme was first projected, is still timely. The result has been to frighten away investors in Northern Pacific securities and in some other properties. It is true that a desperate effort was made to advance Northern Pacific stocks, and it was

partly successful. This effort, engineered by Mr. Villard with the help of syndicate funds and with the help of friends who are interested with him in the development of the property, its land improvements, and other outside operations, is one of the most gigantic operations of the kind ever attempted in Wall Street. Mr. Villard evidently is determined to carry it through, but in order to accomplish his purpose he must have the vote of three-quarters of the preferred stock in favor of his costly scheme for loading Northern Pacific with \$160,000,000 of bonded indebtedness, a bondage for the rest of its existence.

No doubt the rise in Northern Pacific stocks is due to the efforts of Mr. Villard and his associates to secure control. I can but suggest to him the great impropriety of his pushing the scheme without shedding abundant light upon his intentions and purposes. There is a mystery about the operation that is not pleasant to contemplate, and until this veil is lifted the best counsel I can give to the investor is to put his Northern Pacific securities in his own name and insist on the maintenance of his just rights, without regard to what Mr. Villard and his associates may say. Those who are tempted to buy the stock on the rise will, I think, regret it, and on the information I have at hand I do not believe it a safe thing to load this property, which has many good points about it, with \$40,000,000 more of bonded indebtedness than the emergency seems to require. Why the mortgage for \$160,000,000 is asked for by Mr. Villard when he concedes that only \$120,000,000 is needed, is difficult to understand. Until an explanation is made the public will be inclined to be very shy of the Northern Pacific securities.

It is inconceivable that Mr. Villard can have forgotten the result of sundry exploits of the Northern Pacific stock in the not remote past. If he has forgotten them the public surely bears them in mind. This is no time for blind syndicate operations. The investing public demands a knowledge of what is going on. When that is refused, it justly withholds its approbation from schemes, no matter by whom put forth.

Turning from some ill-managed railroads in the West, it is a pleasure to contemplate for a moment a stock that has stood by those who have stood by it. It seems but a few months ago that a gentleman prominently identified with the management of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company told me at a time when it was selling about par that it was destined within a year to reach 150. He told me why. He explained to me the conservatism of its management, the accumulation of its surplus, and the honesty with which its stockholders were dealt with. It will not be long before the road will retire over \$5,000,000 of its seven per cent. bonds, and in place of them issue stock, giving their stockholders due preference. This no doubt accounts for the desire to hold Delaware and Hudson, for the new stock will be abundantly able to continue to pay seven per cent. without adding to the liabilities of the road, as the interest on the bonds will cease before the dividends on the new stock are paid. Of course, it may be that the Delaware and Hudson melon may not be cut, and we may have a repetition of the game that was played for so many years by the Northwestern directorate. Year after year, it will be remembered, its surplus was expected to be divided, and the stock moved up and down as the rumor was repeated or denied. Delaware and Hudson stockholders and investors who would like some of the stock would feel more free to move if they knew precisely when the melon is to be cut, but that information is no doubt reserved for insiders.

The strong undertone of the market is significant. So is Mr. Huntington's flight to Europe, followed so soon by that of George Gould. Keep your eye on the bulls. JASPER.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

A REFLECTION OF JAPANESE MANUFACTURES.

It is doubtful if many of the community at large realize how completely a house could be furnished from a Japanese importing house of to-day. Of course a deep purse is essential for the highest and best, and then, if one choose, everything for the household, excepting kitchen utensils, may be obtained. Matting and rugs for the floors, teak-wood and bamboo furniture, window draperies and door hangings, bed-spreads, table-covers, dinner and tea service, and bric-a-brac. Highly artistic effects may also be produced at small cost from the less expensive articles, which are cheap but never commonplace.

After the question of the house-furnishing is settled, then the various dress fabrics are to be considered. Since the advent of the opera of "The Mikado" into our midst, Japanese materials in cotton and silk—they have no wool—have been growing in favor among ladies for house gowns. These are called *Kimonos*, and are cut precisely like the Japanese gowns worn by the "three little maids from school."

Ladies are gradually growing to like these Oriental garments, of course only for the boudoir or exclusive home circle. At first they were heartily condemned, though it is not easy to understand how a comfortable gown, which a lady may slip on for convenience or during relaxation at home, can tend to either frivolity or freedom of manner any more than seedy broadcloth and a cotton umbrella may drive a man to swindling. A severely orthodox critic of London some while ago made the statement that "when the popular style of toilette is deshabille, so great is the force of association that conversation is apt, nay, almost certain, to become deshabille as well." Alas, that a bright-colored gown made of a high-class textile, and in an artistic manner, should ever stir the question of propriety. Happily we are living in an age of progress and expansive ideas, and the habiliments of the body may not gauge the calibre of the mind.

In Japanese fabrics the cotton crêpes are the cheapest and most durable, and wash most beautifully without losing a tinge of color. They are hung up to dry without wringing, and never require ironing. They come in two widths, twelve and thirty inches, and cost respectively twenty-five and sixty cents a yard. They are not exclusively used for house robes either, for some very tasteful country dresses were made of them during the late summer, accompanied by parasols to match. A small invoice of a few sample pieces of cotton crêpe have lately been received of a very pretty variety, consisting of a white ground, striped perpendicularly with hair lines of color, singly and clusters, and

these will be made up extensively next year into charming summer gowns. The cotton crêpes usually come in twelve-yard lengths.

The more elaborate *Kimonos* are hand-embroidered upon a satin ground, and the majority of those imported have been worn for some time in Japan. Some which belonged to the wealthy classes are sold here for as much as one hundred and fifty dollars, and these are such marvels of exquisite workmanship that they are taken apart and carefully rejoined in breadths, making the richest of door-hangings or portières. The cheaper *Kimonos* are sold from fifteen to thirty dollars, and are made of thin, soft brocade and crêpe, partly embroidered, with an intermingling of stamped designs which frequently are more effective than the solid embroidery.



KIMONOS.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF A. A. VANTINE & CO.

The house gown illustrated above is made of white cotton crêpe, with a conventional design upon it in porcelain blue. The *Kimono* is cut with two straight breadths in the back and two in the front, with an attached strip on each edge of the front from the neck half-way down, to make a wide lap. The sleeves are each a doubled width sewed in straight at the shoulder, and are worn longer by the women of Japan than by the men. These sleeves also serve as pockets, and the neck of the gown is finished with a wide rolling collar. The *Kimono* is wrapped well around the body, and generally confined with a sash.

There is a new satin-striped pineapple gauze, recently imported from Japan, which will make lovely evening gowns, for it is so effective, as well as durable and imperishable. No matter how it may be rumpled and crushed, a day's time will bring it out as smooth and fresh as ever. As yet it has only been imported in white, but later in the season it can be obtained in all the pale evening tints. The white costs about a dollar and a quarter a yard.

Among Japanese fabrics used for curtains and scarf draperies are the *Mousha* gauze, *Ro* gauze, and *Shiiki* silk, the latter being the most effective with gold embroiders. The *Sha* gauze makes lovely bureau scarfs and dining-table decorations, the amount of gold embroidery regulating the price. Bed-spreads and quilted wrappers of soft silk are padded with silk waste which has a trifle of cotton intermixed, making them cheaper than in former years when the silk only was used.

Japanese rugs are quaint in design, and are made in cotton, jute, and silk. It was not until 1876 that the Japanese ever attempted to manufacture rugs, and then they sent over some in silk to our Centennial. After that they disappeared from the market entirely for six years, since which time the trade has been resumed. The jute rugs are by far the most durable, and are comparatively inexpensive. ELLA STARR.

IT HAS ONLY BEGUN.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is greatly improved by the new management. The improvement is continuous. Every issue contains a new feature, which is in the line of progression. The pictures are greatly superior to those that the paper formerly printed.—Troy Press.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 20.—At Luzerne, Switzerland, Samuel Austin Allibone, LL.D., the well-known American scholar, aged 72. September 3d.—In North Abington, Mass., Rev. Charles Jones, a Congregational minister, well known in the evangelistic field, aged 80; at Tacoma, Dr. Thomas A. Davie, surgeon of the Northern Pacific Railroad; in New York, Thomas McSpedon, for many years prominent in local politics, aged 72. September 5th.—In Trenton, N. J., Brigadier-General W. S. Truex, a gallant officer of the Civil War, aged 71; in Montreal, Justice Sciotte, of the Supreme Court, Province of Quebec; in New York, David Demarest Lloyd, a successful dramatic author and editorial writer on the *Tribune*, aged 88; in Paris, Maurice Duvivier Sand, son of Mme. George Sand, aged 66. September 6th.—At Cottage City, Mass., General Rodney C. Ward, an active Republican politician and prominent in the State militia, aged 52; at Downer Landing, Mass., Edward B. Routan, of the editorial staff of the *Boston Herald*, and actively identified with several local institutions, aged 43; at Batavia, Ill., by suicide, while insane, Dr. David Tilton Brown, for many years chief of the famous Bloomingdale Insane Asylum of New York. September 8th.—In Bridgeport, Conn., Colonel Henry W. Wright, widely known in Western Massachusetts as a Democratic politician, aged 54; in Brooklyn, ex-Coroner Henry J. Menninger, a prominent surgeon in the Civil War, and afterward well known in social and political circles in New York and Brooklyn, aged 51; in Frankford, Pa., John V. O'Brien, the veteran circus manager, aged 54.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE President has decided not to call an extra session of Congress.

THE catch of the Alaska Fur Company for the last year amounted to 1,000,000 seal-skins.

THE French Government has warned the bishops that they must not interfere in the elections.

THE German army has been largely increased of late, and troops are being massed on the German frontier.

DR. PETERS has been recalled to Germany from East Africa, and his Emin Relief Expedition has been abandoned.

THE north-western wheat yield will be about 25,000,000 bushels, and the corn crop is said to be above the average.

THE New York State Prohibition Convention, recently held, voted against woman suffrage, and nominated a complete State ticket.

THERE are altogether about 17,000 Arabs in this country, and not ten per cent. of them have a settled home or any other means of support than peddling.

THE special election in the Third Congressional District of Louisiana, recently held, resulted in the success of Andrew Price, the Democratic candidate.

THE observatory at Carleton College, at Northfield, Minn., has received a gift of \$100,000 from Dr. Edward H. Williams, of Philadelphia, for an equatorial telescope.

GREAT BRITAIN has annexed Humphrey's Island and Rierson Islands, lying twenty miles apart, and supposed to be on the route of one of the projected trans-Pacific cables.

THE largest bar of gold ever cast in the world was turned out at the United States Assay Office in Helena, Mont., a few days since. It weighed 500 pounds, and is worth a little over \$100,000.

IT is unofficially announced that the new cruiser *Charleston*, built in San Francisco, failed by 300 to meet her contract requirement of 7,000 horse-power, which will subject her builder to a penalty of \$30,000.

AN explosion of dynamite in a cartridge factory in Antwerp on the 6th inst. caused a fire which burned for two days, involving a loss of 200 lives, the injury of some 500 persons more or less seriously, and great destruction of property.

THE Republicans of the new State of Washington have nominated a strong ticket for State officers, headed by G. P. Ferry for Governor. The ticket of the South Dakota Democrats is headed by P. F. McClure for the Gubernatorial office.

THE big dressed-beef dealers of Chicago refused to appear and testify before the United States Senate Committee appointed to inquire into the business, and it is probable that they will be subjected to summary process upon the meeting of the Senate.

IT is said that the British Government has refused to allow the Pacific squadron to interfere in the Behring Sea difficulty. Canada, it says, must settle the difficulty herself. The evident intention of the home Government is to throw the colony on its own resources.

ALL the American nations, with the exception of San Domingo, have accepted the invitation to participate in the Congress of American nations to be held in Washington next month. San Domingo declined because a treaty negotiated several years ago failed of ratification by the United States Senate.

PARTISAN intolerance, as exhibited at Laverne, Ala., where the post-office was burned because a colored man had been made postmaster, has been appropriately rebuked, the post-office having been discontinued by the Government. The people who have received their mail there will be obliged to go elsewhere for it.

IN the last Presidential campaign the Republicans of Ohio offered a costly silk flag to the State polling the largest Republican majority. Kansas won the flag, and Governors Humphrey and Foraker have decided to make the presentation a National affair, to which guests from every State in the Union will be invited. The date for the presentation has not been fixed.

A NEW imperial train has just been built for the Emperor of Russia. The saloons are covered with iron outside and then eight inches of cork instead of the steel plates with which the carriages of the old train were protected. All the saloons, which communicate by a covered passage, are exactly the same in outward appearance, so that no outsider may be able to discover in which carriage the Czar is traveling. During the Emperor's journey last autumn he passed most of his time in a carriage which, from the outside, looks like a luggage-van.

THE celebration, on the 5th inst., in commemoration of the founding of the old log college, in Bucks County, Pa., was a very successful affair. The old college was the cradle from which the great institution at Princeton sprang, and the celebration referred to was in reality commemorative of the establishment of Presbyterianism in this country. Speeches were made by President Harrison, Governor Beaver, Postmaster-general Wanamaker, and others, that of the President being especially felicitous. Some 12,000 persons were present, and the President's reception was marked by the most cordial enthusiasm.

IT is gratifying to report a fresh triumph for American enterprise in Europe. One of the largest manufacturing jewelry houses of Chicago, Spalding & Co., have this year opened an extensive branch of their establishment in Paris, in the splendid building of the Equitable Life Insurance Company. During the recent stay of the Shah of Persia in Paris he visited the establishment, and was so much pleased with its work that he made a number of valuable purchases to take back with him to Persia as beautiful specimens of American workmanship. A flight of birds in diamonds particularly pleased him. With the establishment of an edition of the New York *Herald* in Paris, American jewelry houses, American drug stores, and other branches of American business enterprise, we feel quite sure the French must acquire many American ways of doing business and become much more closely connected with the United States.

THE MAYBRICK CASE.

WE give on this page a portrait of Mrs. James Maybrick, recently convicted in London of the murder of her husband, and now confined on a life-sentence in Woking prison. At the time of her removal to prison she was reported to be in a feeble condition, but later reports represent her to be in improved health. She still maintains her cool demeanor, and seems to be settling into the routine of convict life. It is said that two of her children have, by the consent of their father's brothers and of the Baroness von Roque, their grandmother, been adopted by a lady and gentleman in London who are in good circumstances, and who will see to their maintenance and education. The children, a boy and a girl, will assume the names of their foster-parents, and thus, it is hoped, in future life escape the stain attaching to the name of their mother.

BALTIMORE'S GALA WEEK.

THE second week in September was in the fullest sense a gala week in the City of Baltimore. The entire week was devoted to brilliant military and civic displays connected with the formal opening of the new Post-Office and United States Court building, the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of North Point, and an exposition of the arts and manufactures of the State at Pimlico. The arrangements for the celebration were made on an extensive scale, and every feature of the programme was carried out successfully.

The festival commenced on Monday with a grand historical and industrial parade, which was witnessed by an immense concourse of spectators, and reviewed by President Harrison. The industrial section of the procession was a marvelous exhibition of the development of American industrial art. Over 1,000 railway employes marched in the line, and floats presented representations of the wonders of modern railway transportation and the progress made since the time Peter Cooper ran the first locomotive out of Baltimore on the Baltimore and Ohio. All the important industries of the city were represented, two hundred firms and companies having displays in the line. In the historical division a detachment of several hundred descendants of the defenders of Baltimore attracted much attention. This section of the procession included handsome floats representing "War,"



MRS. JAMES MAYBRICK, CONVICTED OF POISONING HER HUSBAND.

"Peace," and the "Star-Spangled Banner." On the fourth day of the celebration five thousand troops engaged in a sham battle, fighting over again the battle of North Point. On the evening of the 14th the bombardment of Fort McHenry was re-enacted, several vessels of war participating in the affair.

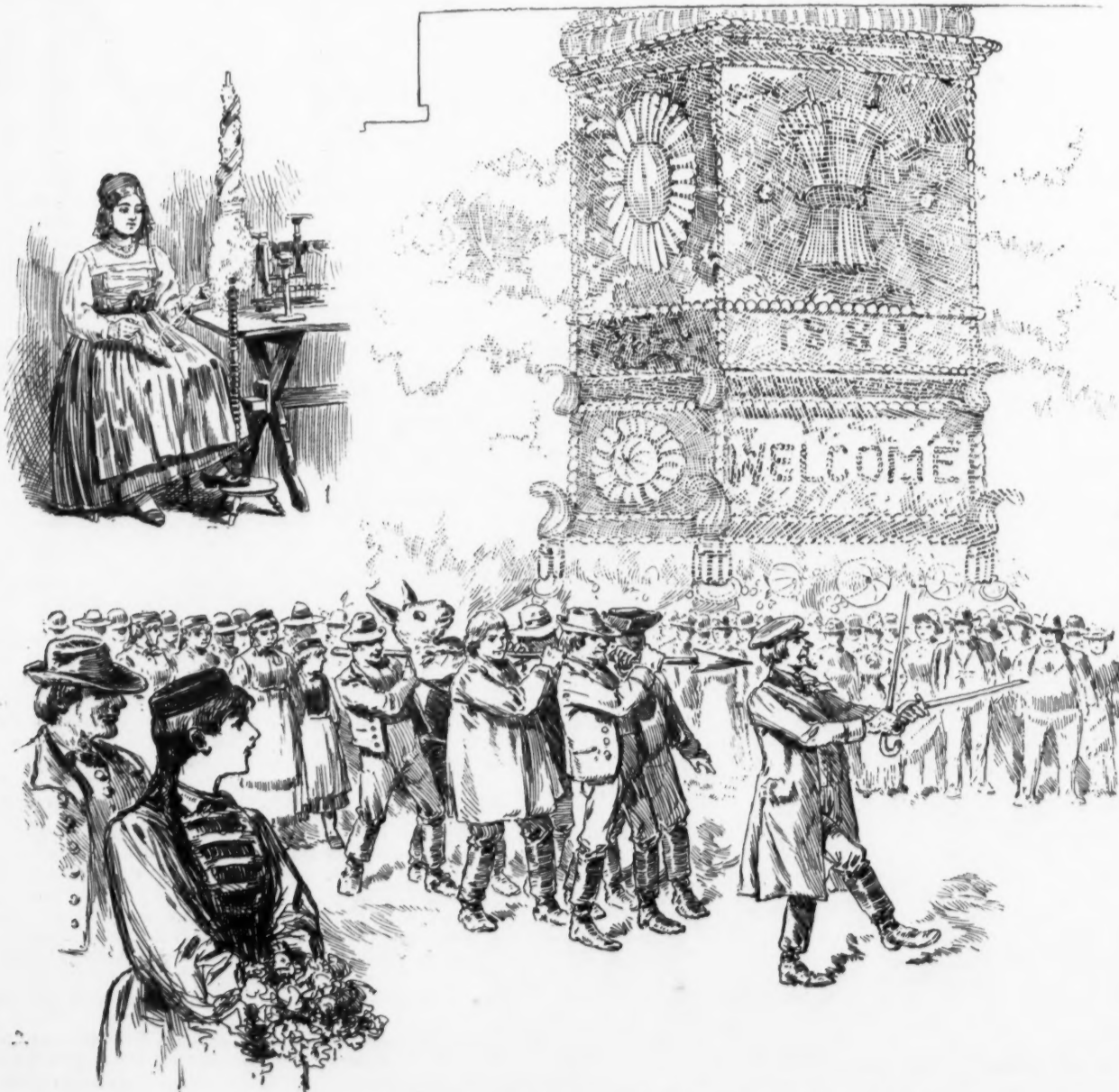
The new Post-office building, which was formally dedicated on the 12th, is built of granite, and occupies a whole block. The log structure which served as Baltimore's first post-office has been removed from the spot on which it stood for 159 years, and placed alongside of the new building, but will be ultimately taken to Druid Hill Park. The quaint old structure is fourteen by fifteen feet, and twelve feet high to the dormer roof. The openings between the logs were plastered up with oyster-shells and mud.

RETURNING FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

ALL accounts agree that the number of visitors to our mountain resorts has been greater during the past summer than ever before. The Adirondacks, the Catskills, the Alleghanies, and the White Mountains have been thronged with pleasure and health seekers from all parts of the Union, and at some of the more popular hotels it was impossible for late-comers to procure satisfactory accommodations. This was the case in the Saranac region of the Adirondacks as late as the middle of August. This tendency of summer tourists to look for rest and recuperation amid the solitudes of "primeval nature" must be regarded as in every respect wholesome and salutary, and it should be encouraged, both for its educational influence and its helpfulness in restoring wasted physical strength. Our illustration on the opposite page gives a vivid picture of the scene at a city wharf on the arrival of a boat from the Catskills with its multitude of returning visitors from the mountains.

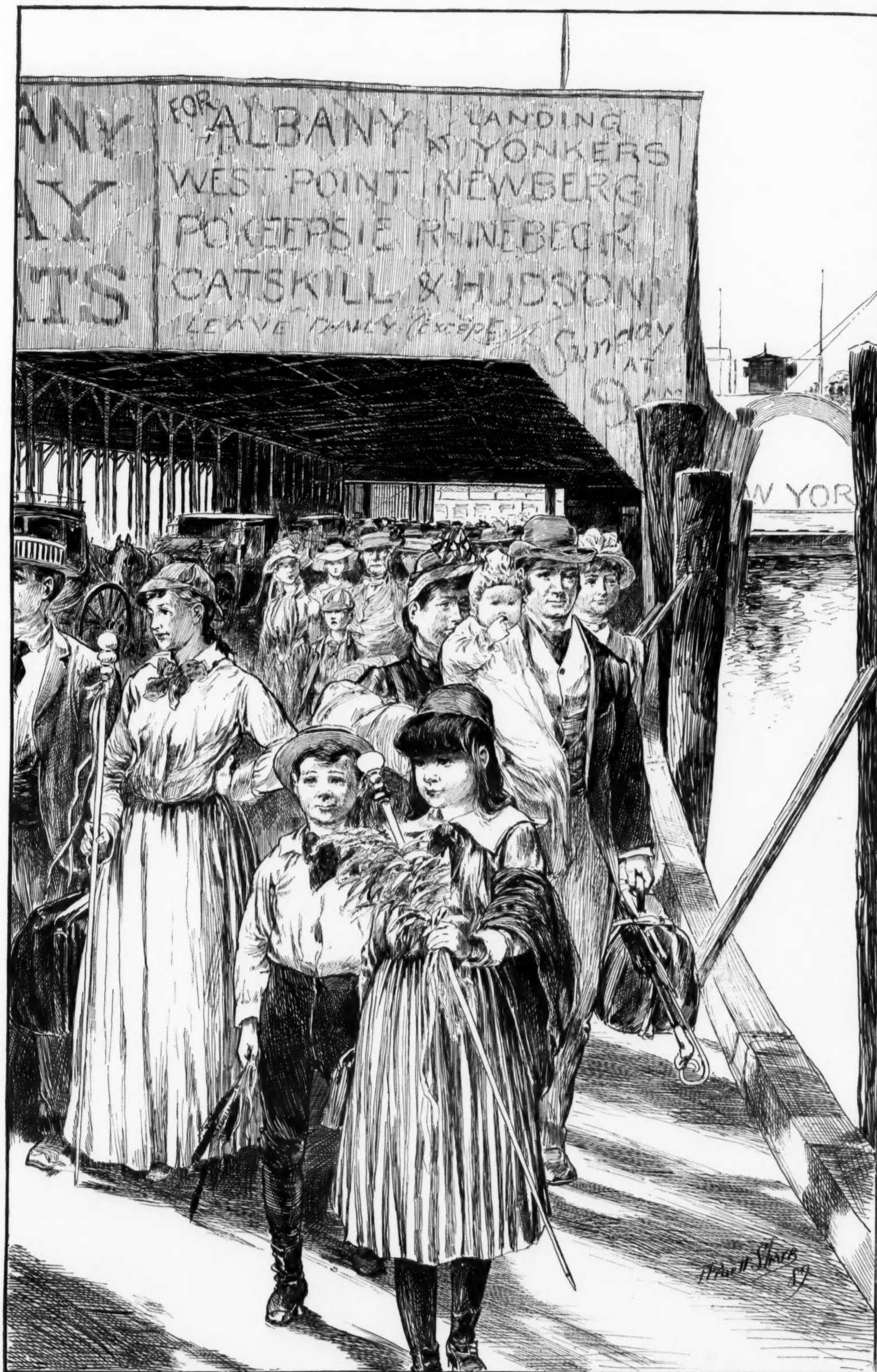
A SWABIAN FESTIVAL.

WE illustrate on this page certain features of the twenty-seventh Cannstatter Volksfest, a Swabian festival, which was held in Harlem River Park, New York, on the second week in September. The festival was greatly enjoyed by all the participants. The sons and daughters of Württemberg appeared in their national costumes, which are particularly bright and picturesque. A similar festival was held by the Brooklyn Schwäbische Sängerbund, which was eminently successful. There were a large number of booths, and the platforms were profusely decorated with American and German flags. A special attraction of the volksfest was an exhibition of agricultural machinery,



1. THE SPINNER. 2. THE RABBIT PROCESSION AND COLUMN OF FRUIT. 3, 4 AND 5. SWABIAN TYPES.





RETURNING FROM THE MOUNTAINS.—SCENE AT A NEW YORK CITY WHARF ON THE ARRIVAL OF A BOAT FROM THE CATSKILLS.
DRAWN BY SHARE.

flowers, industrial products, and a kennel show. The folksfest was opened by a procession of children in Swabian costumes, consisting of short petticoats and chemises of bright colors, and bonnets trimmed with blue and red silk ribbons. All the children had bouquets of field-flowers in their hands. During the festival a Swabian marriage was performed and historic plays and scenes of home life were shown daily.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

(Continued from page 120.)

and is one of the solid institutions of this growing city. The present members of the firm have been associated together for the past twelve years. This firm is the leading one in the city in the real estate, loan, and insurance business. To show their relative business standing in the community it is only necessary to state that while there are thirteen fire insurance agencies in Terre Haute, this firm writes at least one-third of the fire insurance written in the city. They also represent the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, the leading life insurance company of the world, and also the Travellers of Hartford, Conn., the leading accident company. They do the bulk of the tornado, accident, steam-boiler, and plate-glass insurance of the city. Their agency is the leading one in the real estate and rental business, their office being recognized as the headquarters of those who want to buy or sell property. They make a specialty of furnishing safe and profitable investments for capitalists, and solicit correspondence from any one having money to loan or desiring to buy or sell property anywhere. Their facilities for handling the different branches of their business are unexcelled.

REAL ESTATE FIRM.

Among the leading real-estate firms of Terre Haute is that of Foulkes & Dahlen, whose office is at 511 Ohio Street. The members of this firm are well and favorably known as enterprising business men, and do a large share of the loan and insurance business of their city. They are always ready to assist outside capitalists make good investments, and solicit correspondence.

A TRIP TO SOUTH DAKOTA.

CHICAGO, August 22d, 1889.

LEAVING Chicago via the Chicago and Northwestern Railway on the morning of the 14th inst., we rode for a day through the picturesque hills and valleys of Wisconsin, through Madison, the capital of the State, passing Devil's Lake, with its weird and crumbling rocky cliffs, and reaching Sparta for supper just as the dusk of evening rendered everything quiet, peaceful, and inviting. Leaving Sparta we rode for a couple of hours in the darkness, when suddenly there burst upon our view a brilliant scene—we were crossing the Mississippi in the full glare of the electric lights as they shone from the opposite bank, where the beautiful town of Winona is situated. Retiring and spending a restful night in the sleeper, the morning opened upon Dakota's plains.

Stepping out upon the platform of the car to view these much-heard-of prairies, what a sight greeted us. Sweeping away and away for miles and miles in every direction, there they were, rising and falling in majestic grandeur like the huge undulations of the ocean, and as we sped along they seemed to roll from out the horizon in an unending panorama of beauty and splendor, dotted here and there with immense fields of golden grain in shock and groves of planted trees about a farmer's home, which seemed to nestle down close to Mother Earth to avoid destruction from the prairies' undulations. We stood spell-bound, gazing upon the scene with a feeling akin to awe, until weary eyes and limbs suggested a return to the car-seat; and as we sat in meditative contemplation of the scene before us, this thought came drifting into our minds: Will not the minds of many men who are born and reared upon these prairies partake of their scope and vastness, and prove a blessing to the future of the new State? The undulating prairies seemed to echo back, *They will, they will!*

Arriving about noon at Huron, a town but eight years old, and the probable future capital of the new State, we found the fair commencement of a city fit to grace these matchless prairies. Situated upon the west bank of the James River at a point which commands a view for miles of the beautiful valley which takes its name from that river, the city of Huron presents a pretty sight, and possesses one of the greatest advantages to be desired in a large city—*natural drainage*. As we alighted from the train the first sight that greeted us was the handsome depot and Depot Hotel, in front of which was a busy, bustling crowd departing and arriving, demonstrating at once that Huron was a city of some importance. And so we found it; the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company operating one of its chief divisions from there, with lines running north, south, east, and west, and making connections with all the railways in the State. The repair shops of this division of the Northwestern are also located in Huron, giving employment to about seventy-five men, and we were informed that the company's payroll at Huron averaged \$22,000 per month.

The city is lighted by a complete system of electric lights hung at the intersections of its principal streets, which are one hundred feet wide, well improved, well kept, and lined by many buildings of a character well calculated to astonish our Eastern friends when told the age of the city. Its water supply is the greatest wonder of its kind in the world. An artesian well 863 feet deep, with a 6-inch pipe from top to bottom, having a pressure of over 200 pounds per square inch, supplies millions of gallons of pure water daily, and about sixty per cent. of this is allowed to run to waste into the river from sheer inability to make use of it. From

a 2-inch nozzle on a hose attached to a water-plug in the street we saw a stream thrown 100 feet into the air, and a 3-16 of an inch stream playing upon a water motor develop a 10-horse power. Manufacturers seeking a location in the West would do well to investigate Huron and its wonderful well.

The chief business enterprises of this young city appeared to us to be in the control of a most enterprising and energetic class of business men—many of whom we had the pleasure of meeting—and the cordial welcome they extend to all strangers visiting their city leaves a pleasant impression upon one's mind. The evident pride with which they point out the various business enterprises of their city is a certain indication that they mean to push on and become an important factor in the development of the new State. Among the numerous enterprises to which our attention was called, were two daily newspapers, four weekly newspapers, and four National Banks—one of which, the First National, of which Mr. J. W. Campbell is president and Mr. J. W. Mackenzie, cashier, being a "United States Depository for Public Money"—a sufficient guarantee of its solidity—and several large land and investment companies, prominent among which was the Dakota Farm Mortgage Company, with a subscribed capital of \$1,000,000, in which the wealthy banking house of W. N. Coler & Co., of New York City, is largely interested.

The all-absorbing topic of conversation during our stay in the city was the location of the future capital of the new State, and, if the enterprise and energy displayed by its citizens in this matter may be taken as an indication of their determination to make of Huron a large and important city, it is certainly a good place for an investment in real estate. In conversation with its citizens one is impressed by the conviction deeply rooted in their minds that, capital or no capital, Huron is destined to be a large and important city. The Chicago and Northwestern Railway have large interests there, and take a deep interest in Huron's future, and the influence of such a mighty corporation in building up and advancing the interests and population of a new city and its surrounding country is simply tremendous.

C. R. B.

NOTE.—Any of our readers who may desire special information regarding the City of Huron are respectfully referred to Mr. C. E. Simmons, the gentlemanly Land Commissioner of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

HURON'S WATER POWER.

While at Huron our attention was called to a motor which we were informed was manufactured by the *Chicago Water Motor Company*. This motor was running the presses of the *Huron Times* to their perfect satisfaction. We were also informed that there was quite a number of these motors in use in this Territory running presses, small feed-mills, and small machinery.

ENCOURAGING.

HERE is encouragement for those afflicted with that terrible scourge—*Nervous Prostration*.

"BUNKER HILL, IND., March 14, 1888.

"I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

"MRS. FLORENCE BLUE."

"ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1884.

"I began the use of Compound Oxygen, and have much reason to be grateful for it.

"REV. CHAS. W. CUSHING."

"BENTON HARBOR, MICH., Nov. 28, 1887.

"I am indebted to you beyond all other Compound Oxygen purchasers.

"BENJAMIN J. EAMAN."

"BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 4, 1888.

"I was induced by a friend to try your Compound Oxygen Treatment. The result was marvelous. I will always recommend Compound Oxygen as the greatest vitalizing agent known, for I certainly find that it has prolonged my life.

"MRS. E. H. HENDERSON."

As you are aware, we publish a brochure of 200 pages, containing the full history of Compound Oxygen, and a record of cures in many interesting cases. It will be sent free of charge to any one addressing DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1329 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

STIEFEL'S BIRCH TAR AND SULPHUR SOAP.

For the cure of skin diseases and the improvement of the complexion. Prepared in proportions recommended by the best dermatologists by J. D. Stiefel, Offenbach, Germany. For sale by druggists at 25c. a cake. W. H. Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Importers. Send for a little book describing a variety of Stiefel's Medicated Soaps of great utility in treating the skin.

BERTON "SEC" CHAMPAGNE.

One dozen bottles, \$30. Two dozen ½ bottles, \$32.

NOTHING contributes more toward a sound digestion than the use of Angostura Bitters.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



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Skin & Scalp
RESTORED
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CUTICURA
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, SICK HEADACHE, Giddiness, Fullness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a guinea a box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

**WEAK STOMACH;
IMPAIRED DIGESTION;
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DISORDERED LIVER;**

they ACT LIKE MAGIC. A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keener edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists Generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who (if your druggist does not keep them),

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This insures to the wearer of these shoes perfect service of the Gore for ONE AND ONE-HALF YEARS from date letter in Trade Mark. If the Elastic fails within eighteen months, send the shoes by express, at our expense, from any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, West Indies, or Sandwich Islds, and we will insert new Gore in finest manner, and return shoes free of expense.

Signed, HUB GORE MAKERS, Boston, Mass.
Albert Herbert Pres.
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It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

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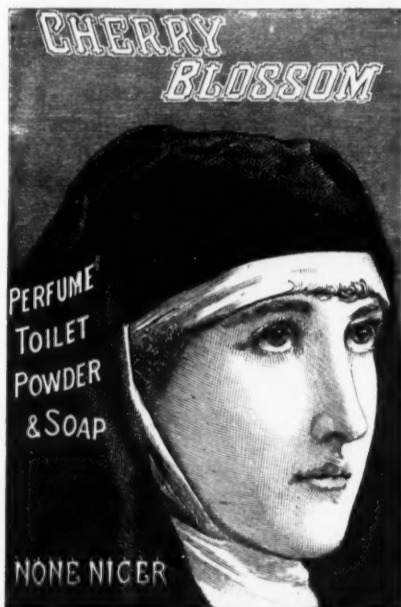
"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

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In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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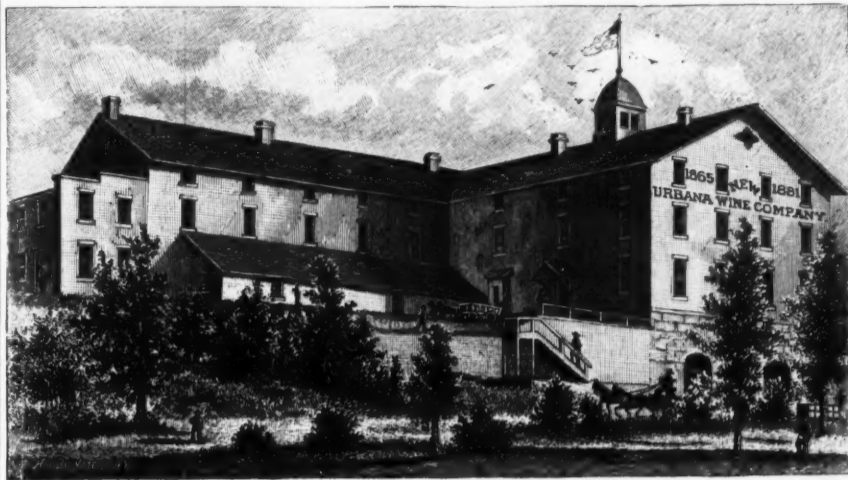
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For Sale by all Leading Wine Dealers and Grocers.

A Real Sea-bath at Home,

BY USING

DITMAN'S SEA-SALT

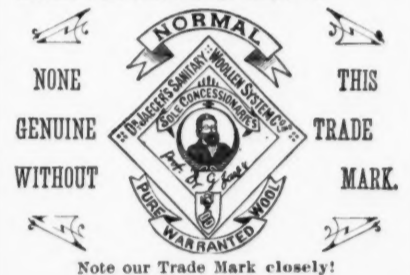
For Producing a Real Sea-bath at Home

By simply dissolving this Salt in ordinary water. This can be used as a luxury for its exhilarating influence, and as a remedial agent in Debility, Languor, Rheumatism, and Weakness of the Joints, for Tender Feet, Nasal Catarrh, etc. Extracted directly from the "foaming billows" by evaporation, at one of the most salubrious spots on the coast, it has all the medicinal advantages of the natural water; at the same time it is purified and entirely freed of all organic impurities, such as are usually found in our surf.

A. J. DITMAN, DRUGGIST,
Broadway, corner Barclay Street, New York.

FAT Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without injury to health. Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. **L. E. MARSH CO.,** 2815 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.
MADE Simply stopping the fat-producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and reduces weight at once. Sold by all Druggists.
LEAN

THE DR. JAEGER'S
SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO.,
827 & 829 Broadway, New York.
BRANCH: 199 Broadway (W. U. Building), New York;
HOUSES: 366 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Note our Trade Mark closely!
We beg to call attention to our Complete Assortment of
THE DR. JAEGER
SANATORY,
FALL AND WINTER
UNDERWEAR,
And everything else worn by
Men, Women, and Children.

The genuine sanatory goods are manufactured under the supervision of Dr. Jaeger, and sold by the above-named Company and their authorized agents only.
Send for explanatory, descriptive, and illustrated Catalogue and price-list, free by mail.
Garments made to order, a specialty.
Mail orders promptly attended to.
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Duet Piano Stools.
Are superior to any ever invented. Also, all kinds of Piano Stools, Music Cabinets, Piano Covers, and Scarfs. Popular prices. Catalogues on application. F. NEPPERT, Manuf'r, 390 Canal St., near West B'way. Established 1848.

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CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO.,
No. 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago.

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S
COUGH KILLER
Cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption.
A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN, Dr. Edward C. Hughes, of Rockford, Ill., testifies that he cured his son of a severe case of whooping cough accompanied with spasms, after exhausting all his knowledge and skill with other remedies, by using Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer, 25c, 50c, and \$1 per bottle. ALL DEALERS SELL IT.

Hutchinson's Gloves are the Best.

Made with care and warranted. Send stamp to the manufacturer for the book about gloves, and how to get them. It will interest you. Established 1862.
JOHN C. HUTCHINSON,
JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.
See what my customers think of the gloves I am sending them:
PROSPECT HARBOR, ME., JUNE 12, 1889.
MR. HUTCHINSON, DEAR SIR—I use, and have used for many years constantly, gloves of many kinds and makes, and have never found a better glove than yours.
I never have got from you any cheap or imperfect goods. The make and fit are first-class.
Yours, etc., CH. C. LARRABEE, M.D.

28 Drawings Annually

Without any loss, on Five of the Best
European Premium
Government Bonds.
\$5.00 will secure these splendid chances for you.

GRAND PRIZES OF
\$1,000,000, \$500,000, \$250,000, \$100,000, Etc., Etc.
These Bonds are sold in accordance with the laws of the United States, and are not regarded as a lottery scheme by United States Courts. Every Bond must be redeemed with the Full Nominal Value, or draw a Premium.
Send \$5.00 as first payment on these Bonds, to take part in next drawing, to
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86 and 88 Wall Street, New York.
BRANCH OFFICES:
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230 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

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First-Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
Successors to C. Weis; Mfrs of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circulars free.
399 B'way N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., and Vienna, Austria.
Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

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The West Shore Railroad has arranged for a Half-Holiday Special Train, leaving New York
EVERY SATURDAY AT 1:00 P. M.
during the Summer Months. This train makes Express time, and reaches all important points along the HUDSON RIVER AND IN CATSKILL MOUNTAINS
Also
LAKES MOHONK AND MINNEWASKA.
This will no doubt prove a popular train. Business men can leave after close of business Saturday, and take supper with their families in the mountains.
SPECIAL MONDAY MORNING TRAIN RETURNING leaves all points in the Mountains Monday Morning, arriving at New York in time for business.

AGENTS Wanted. Bottled Electricity pays \$50 a day. Ad. Box 444, Chicago, Ill.

\$3.75 A DAY And steady work right at home for any man or lady. Write at once. **Franklin Co.,** Richmond, Va.

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address **JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write **Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co.,** Holly, Mich.

BOKER'S BITTERS
THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL
Stomach Bitters,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r & Prop'r,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.
ADVICE FREE HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT without starvation diet or nauseous drugs. Treatise and full information sent sealed for 6 stamps.
Address **K. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place New York.**

SPOKANE FALLS, the metropolis of Eastern Washington and Idaho. Business is good and wages excellent. Money brings from 8 to 12 per cent. on safe investments. For full particulars, address **CLOUGH & GRAVES, Spokane Falls, W. T.**

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Taught in One Month.
STENOGRAPHY
Taught in Three Months.

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Also, stenography taught at reduced rates. Pupils qualified for rapid stenographic dictation in from three to four months.
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Stenography can be taught by mail with perfect success.

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Room 33, 3d Floor, Gilbey Building, 1,103 Broadway, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets.

Superb Silk Umbrella Our own "old reliable" make, with old-fashioned Spitalfield silk, none so good, and solid pamento stick; sent prepaid in U. S. \$1. **S. J. McELWEE,** wholesale and retail, Albany, N. Y.

IMPROVED OIL & LIME LIGHT
CATALOGUES FREE
MAGIC LANTERNS
STEREOPTICONS
VIEWS & C.
J. B. COLT & CO. MANUFACTURERS,
16 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURERS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

PISO

The BEST Cough Medicine is Piso's CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURERS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN PILE OINTMENT
Is the only cure for Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.
Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says:
"I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief." We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c. and \$1 per box.
WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio.

STAR SPRING WATER.
Saratoga Star Spring Water for sale in bottles and by the glass by all Druggists. Saratoga, N. Y.

You are requested to send your address at once for a copy of OUR MAIL SPECIALTIES!
Books Just Published.
H. T. FRUEAUFF, Easton, Pa.

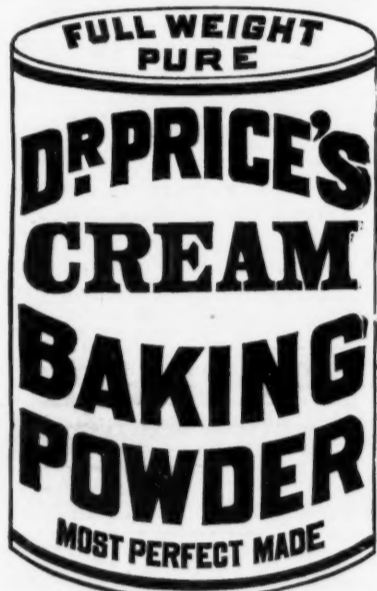
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Breech-Loader
\$6.75.
RIFLES \$2.00
PISTOLS 75c
All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for Catalogue. Address
POWELL & CLEMENT,
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A Box of Safety Matches Free to Smokers of
TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢



POLISHING OFF AN EXPLANATION.

MR. SNOW (who has been detected)—"Stars a'mitey, Brudder Yelker! whar yo' come frum?"
 MR. YELKER—"Whadger doin' wiv dat pullit?"
 MR. SNOW—"Dey's a scrap down ter Lige Poggus's, en I bet yo' bird wud clean d' pit."
 MR. YELKER—"Reck'n I'll go 'long, too."
 MR. SNOW—"I would'n, fren—I would'n. De boys might t'ink yo's interested."



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.
 PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
 NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

"SECURUS JUDICAT
 ORBIS TERRARUM."

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

The filling at the Apollinaris Spring (in Rhenish Prussia) amounted to

11,894,000 bottles in 1887, and
 12,720,000 bottles in 1888.

Of all Grocers, Druggists, & Min. Water Dealers.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
 BEST IN THE WORLD

MANY FAIR FACES



are disfigured by the aspersion of a coming growth of hair, which can be removed without the slightest injury and in three minutes by using
Kosmeo Depilatory.
 Over twenty-five different kinds I find perfectly useless, with one exception, which I
 now endorse and sell at \$1.00 a bottle.

MRS. C. THOMPSON,
 224 Fifth Avenue, New York.
 Catalogue Free.

BUY THE BEST.
 WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

THE TRAVELERS,
 OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Has prospered where concerns with Cheaper Rates have all died, because it could be relied on to

PAY ITS CLAIMS IN FULL,
 and they could not.

INSURANCE MUST INSURE,
 Or even a low price is so much money thrown away.

THE TRAVELERS' RESOURCES are sufficient to pay AT ONCE the most enormous mass of claims that even great railroad and steamboat accidents can bring upon it. PAYS ALL CLAIMS, without discount, immediately upon receipt of satisfactory proofs. MOST LIBERAL NON-FORFEITURE provisions in all its policies.

Ten Millions of Assets, Two Millions of Surplus.

Paid Policy-Holders over \$14,000,000.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, Pres. RODNEY DENNIS, Sec.
 JOHN E. MORRIS, Ass't Sec.



IT CONFORMS TO SHAPE OF FOOT. If you want perfection in fit, with freedom from corns and all discomfort you will always wear the Burt & Packard Shoe. It is acknowledged as the most comfortable, the best wearing and most stylish gentlemen's shoe made in the world. Don't spoil your feet by wearing cheap shoes. The Burt & Packard Shoe costs no more than any other fine shoe, though none approach it in value. All styles in Hand-made, Hand-welt, and Burtwelt; also Boys' and Youths'. If not sold by your dealer send his name and your address to (successors to Burt & Packard) Packard & Field, Brockton, Mass.

HIGHEST GRADE ONLY.

COLUMBIA
 Bicycles, Tricycles,
 Tandems, Safeties.
 Catalogue free. POPE MFG.
 CO., Boston, New York, Chicago.

CURE for the DEAF
 by FICK'S PAT. IMPROVED
 CHURNED EAR DRUMS.
 Whispers heard distinctly.
 Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address
 or call on F. HISCOX, 893 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.



Good morning!
HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?

The delicate skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most poisonous ingredients; hence frequently the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the skin from which many children suffer. And finally, remember that Pears' Shaving Stick is the best shaving soap in the world. The sale of Pears' Soap is now universal, but beware of vile imitations.

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STANDARD TYPEWRITER



has been for
FIFTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD,
 and

Embraces the Latest and Highest Achievements of Inventive Skill.
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
W. BAKER & CO'S
Breakfast Cocoa
 Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.
No Chemicals
 are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.
 Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

1784. **BARBOUR'S** 1889.
FLAX THREADS.

USED BY LADIES EVERYWHERE
 —IN—
EMBROIDERY, KNITTING
AND CROCHET WORK.

Also for Cluny, Antique, Russian, Macrame and other Laces.
 Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country on Spools and in Balls.

LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,
 New York, Boston, Philadelphia,
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IF YOU WISH TO PURCHASE WALL PAPERS DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER

thus saving middle profits, send 3 cts. (which will be deducted from first order) and we will mail you a complete line of samples of any or all the following grades:

BEST BROWN BACKS...	at 5c. a piece.	Reg. Price 10c.
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BEAUTIFUL GOLD PAPERS at 10c.	"	25c.
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Borders to match as low in proportion. All Papers Guaranteed full eight yards long, Perfect, and latest Fall styles.
M. M. KAYSER & CO., 406, 408 & 410 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Attractions.

Nothing adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty color, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweigh the more important consideration, viz.: the composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is marred which would be enhanced by proper care.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT of MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale, 8,000,000 jars.

Just Liebig

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.
 Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'ud, London.



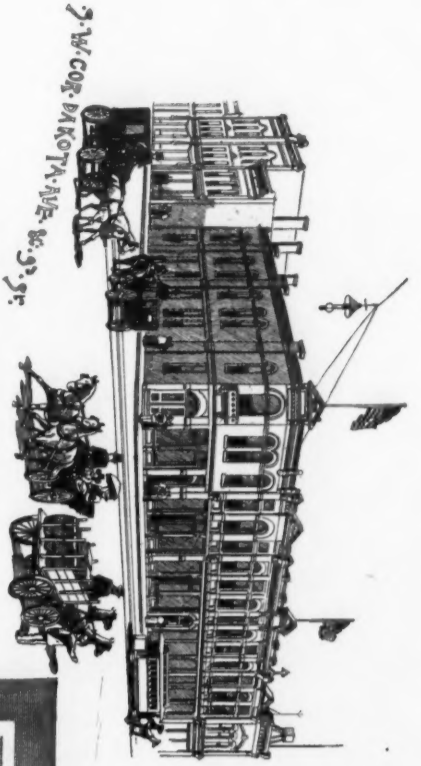
PRESS \$3. Circular \$8. News-paper size \$4. Type-setting easy; printed directions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

ONEITA

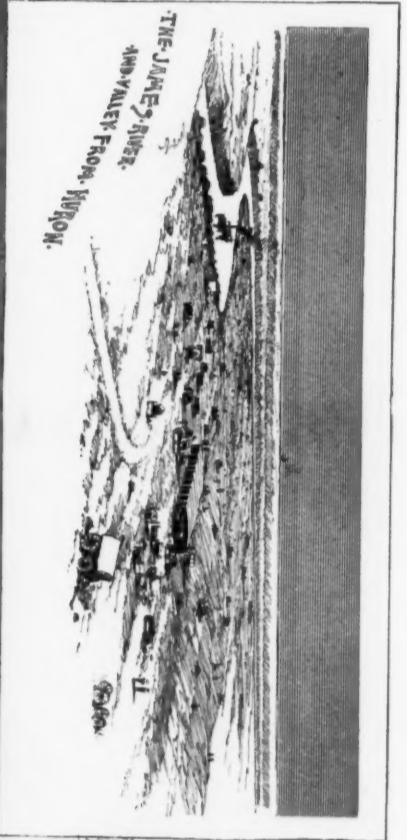
A pure, sparkling, effervescent, and exhilarating alkaline lithiated water. It has met with great favor with all physicians who have used it as the best known water for Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Gout, and Kidney troubles. The water is an alternative, and not a cathartic, and it aids digestion and gives tone to the stomach.

ONEITA SPRING COMPANY,
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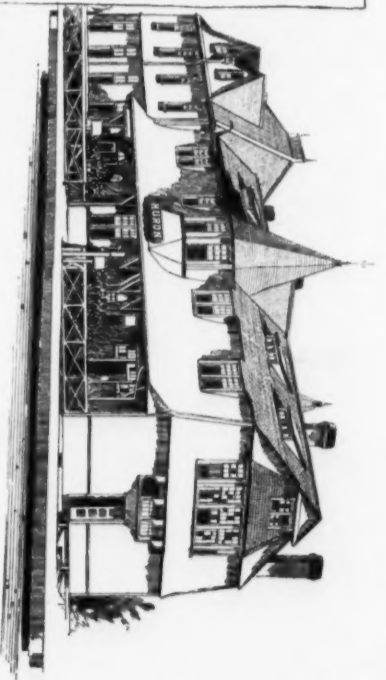
\$60 SALARY, \$40 EXPENSES IN ADVANCE
 allowed each month. Steady employment at home or traveling. No soliciting. Duties delivering and making collections. No Postal Cards. Address with stamp, HAFEE & CO., Piqua, O.



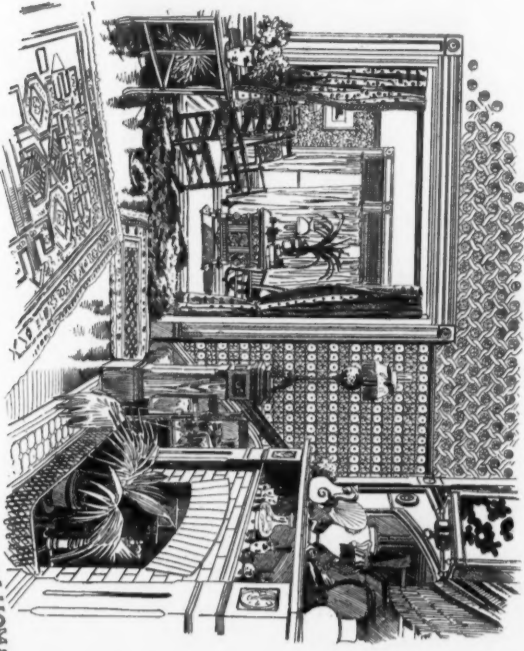
J. W. CO. DAKOTA A. M. E. S. S. S.



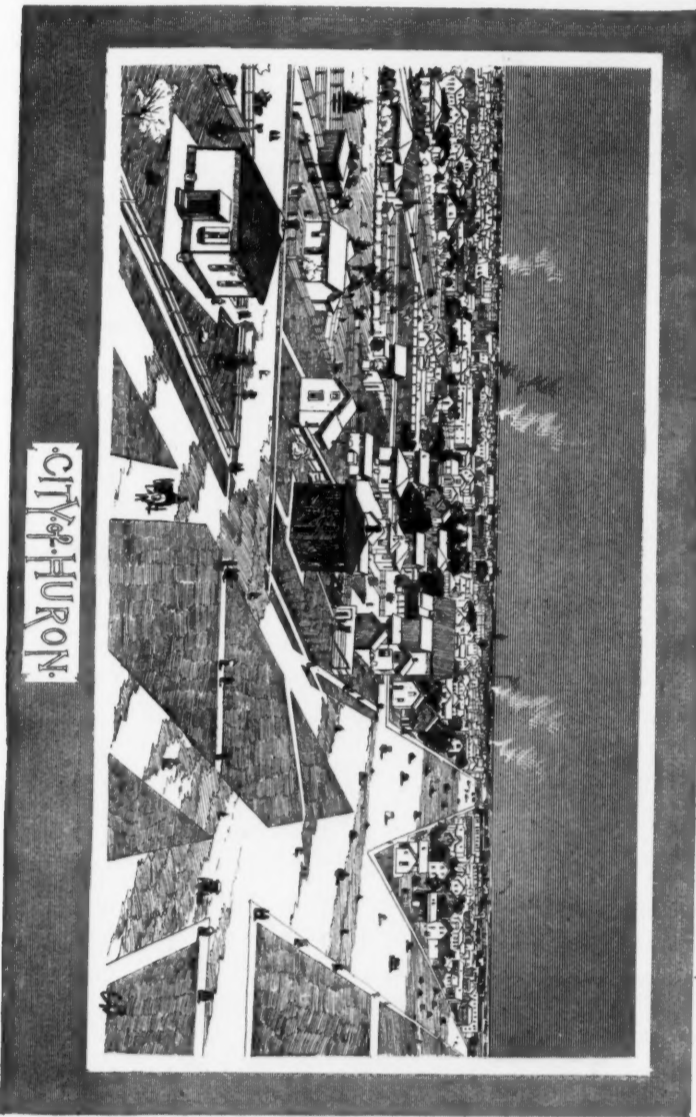
THE JAMES RIVER AND VALLEY FROM HURON.



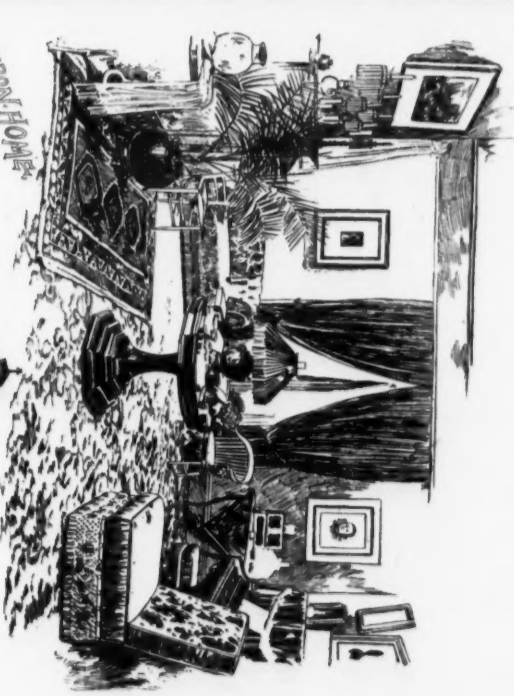
C. & N. R. R. DEPOT A. M. E. S. S. S.



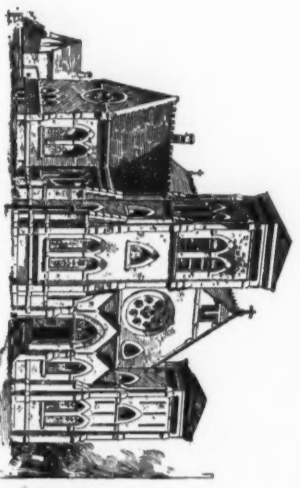
A. HURON HOME.



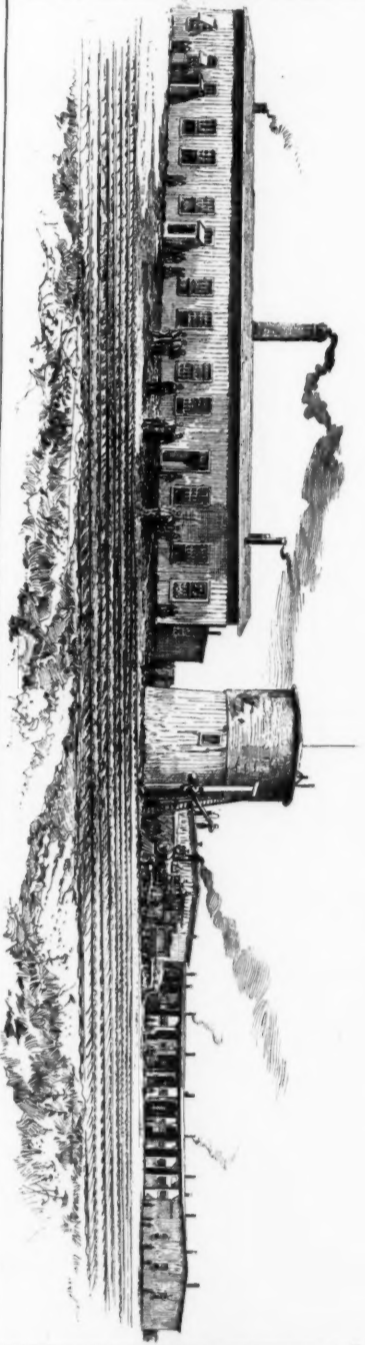
CITY OF HURON.



A. HURON HOME.



P. M. E. CHURCH.

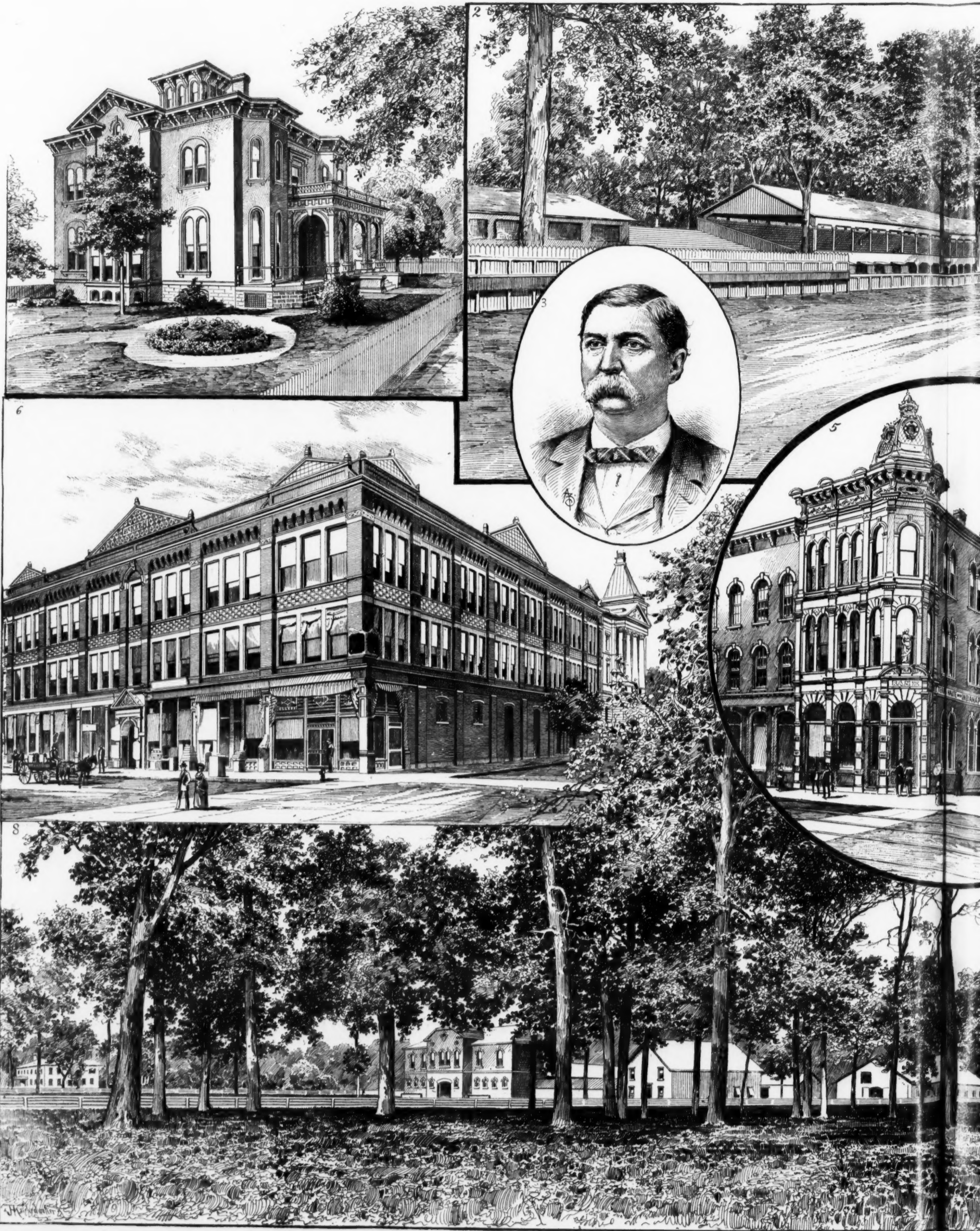


ROUND HOUSE AND MACHINE SHOPS OF THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R.R.

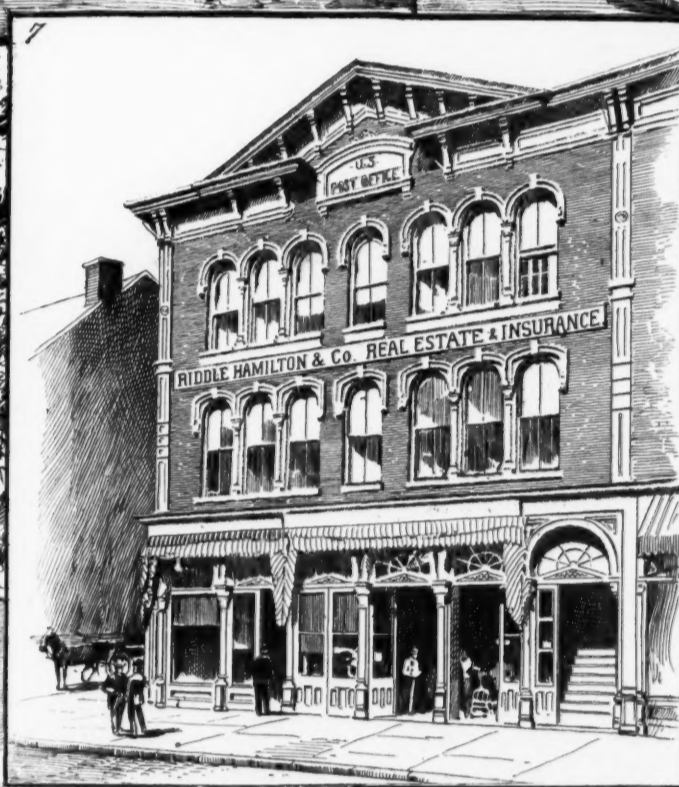


VIEN STREET SCHOOL.

SOUTH DAKOTA.—VIEWS OF THE CITY OF HURON, THE PROBABLE FUTURE CAPITAL OF THE STATE.—FROM PHOTOS.—[SEE PAGE 114.]



1. RESIDENCE OF W. R. McKEEN. 2. THE TRAINING-TRACK AT EDGEWOOD. 3. PORTRAIT OF W. R. McKEEN. 4. THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE. 5. McKEEN'S OFFICE. 6. GENERAL VIEW OF EDGEWOOD. 7. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. 8. GENERAL VIEW OF EDGEWOOD. 9. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.



"The great fertility and advantageous location of Terre Haute made it an important trading and distributing point when it was but a village. So naturally is Terre Haute a centre of trade on the main highways of travel, east and west and north and south, that the railroads—all important—came with but little effort or cost on the part of this city, and now no heavy railroad debt burdens its taxpayers. So complete and direct are the railroad connections with every point of importance, that there now seem to be but two more gaps to be filled, and they are already being provided for.

"Terre Haute has enjoyed for many years the distinction of being not only the literary, but the educational centre of the State. Its citizens point with pardonable pride to the State Normal School, one of the most successful institutions of its kind in the country; to the Polytechnic Institute, which has acquired an enviable reputation throughout the United States as one of the foremost technological schools at home or abroad; to its Coates College, which, though but recently established, gives abundant promise of a prosperous career in the future; and last, but not least, to its splendid system of public schools, with its high school, which is unsurpassed in the State in respect either of the elegance of the building or the completeness of its appointments and facilities for teaching."

INSTITUTE 5. McKEEN & CO'S BANK—GENERAL OFFICES OF THE VANDALIA LINE. 6. McKEEN'S BLOCK. 7. RIDDLE, HAMILTON & CO., INSURANCE. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL. 10. THE TERRE HAUTE HOUSE.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

POPULATION, 40,000—AN INCREASE OF 43 PER CENT. SINCE 1880. TRANSPORTATION—TWENTY-FIVE NAVIGABLE RIVERS ARE ACCESSIBLE BY STEAMERS FROM HER WHARVES. NINE RAILROADS CENTRE WITHIN HER LIMITS, AND OTHER NEW LINES, ADDING HUNDREDS OF MILES OF SYSTEM, ARE ORGANIZED. SHE HAS 300 MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS, REPRESENTING \$20,000,000, EMPLOYING 8,000 HANDS. IS ON THE GREAT BLOCK COAL FIELDS. GOOD STEAM COAL DELIVERED TO FACTORIES AT 40 CENTS PER TON. IS IN THE CENTRE OF A RICH AGRICULTURAL AND TIMBER REGION. IS ON THE GREAT OIL BASIN—ONE WELL PRODUCING ONE BARREL PER MINUTE. OFFERS TO MANUFACTURERS OF APPROVED STANDING RARE WATER PRIVILEGES AND LOW TAXES. A DONATION OF LANDS TO LOCATE FACTORIES. A LOCATION FREE FROM STRIKES AND LOCK-OUTS. IS SURROUNDED BY 49 COAL-MINES. THE BEST HARD WOOD MARKET IN THE WORLD. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND GAS WORKS, GOOD SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES, FINE PUBLIC BUILDINGS, EDUCATED AND PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE. TWENTY COMPANIES ARE ORGANIZED TO BORE FOR GAS.

WHEN trading-posts established by the French dotted a line from the Canadas to New Orleans, the *voyageurs* whose batteaux traversed the Wabash gave to the beautiful prairie, noticeable for its elevation above the low banks and bottom lands of the river, the name of Terre Haute. This name now distinguishes the city which spreads over the fertile level highland in a county which later took the name of a Spanish merchant, Vigo. The great fertility and advantageous location of Terre Haute made it an important trading and distributing point when it was but a village. So naturally is Terre Haute a centre of trade on the main highways of travel, east and west and north and south, that the railroads—all important—came with but little effort or cost on the part of this city, and now no heavy railroad debt burdens its tax-payers. So complete and direct are the railroad connections with every point of importance, that there now seem to be but two more gaps to be filled, and they are already being provided for.

Its location makes it equidistant from the three greatest markets and distributing points of the West, viz., Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. The natural drainage of this high prairie has saved the tax-payer's pockets and preserved his health. With the introduction of water-works the necessary sewers followed, to complete the city's sewerage. A practical, well-built system of sewers drains the principal parts of the city, to which will be added branch lines when required.

Terre Haute justly boasts of the immense and varied agricultural region so largely contributory to her prosperity. Her progress in the direction of establishing manufacturing plants has kept pace with her growth in other directions, and her march is onward in this respect. The heaviest interests are in the industries which consume iron and grain. While numerous firms are establishing a prosperous and growing business in other directions, the great institutions of Terre Haute are its car-works, nail and iron works, blast-furnace, rolling-mills, distillery, brewery, and flour and hominy mills. The consumption of lumber by the car-works, rolling-mills, box-factories, stave and heading factories, cooper-shops, and hub and spoke works is extensive, but there is a long-felt want for other wood-working pursuits not yet supplied. The iron-makers and kindred branches employ fully 2,000 men, and all other manufacturing interests nearly as many more.

Commercial, banking, manufacturing, and agricultural developments and possibilities would be of small worth if they were not supplemented by a public spirit abreast of the times in the matter of affording educational facilities to the rising generation. A glance at the engraving of the Terre Haute High School building, with other buildings fully in keeping with it, at once the pride and ornament of the city, affords ample evidence that Terre Haute needs no spur in this direction. The private educational institutions of the city, notably those under the charge of the Presbyterian and Catholic Churches, are famed for the excellence of their work. Terre Haute is in no sense of the word lacking in churches. All of the leading religious denominations are domiciled in attractive places of worship. She has an excellent collection of books, constituting a public library second to none for a city of its size. Excellent hospitals, under the management of religious denominations, are in operation.

Terre Haute has enjoyed for many years the distinction of being not only the literary, but the educational centre of the State. Its citizens point with pardonable pride to the State Normal School, one of the most successful institutions of its kind in the country; to the Polytechnic Institute, which has acquired an enviable reputation throughout the United States as one of the foremost technological schools at home or abroad; to its Coates College, which, though but recently established, gives abundant promise of a prosperous career in the future; and last, but not least, to its splendid system of public schools, with its high school, which is unsurpassed in the State in respect either of the elegance of the building or the completeness of its appointments and facilities for teaching in the higher branches of a common school education.

The price of land in this city is very low compared with that in any city of the same size. Just outside the city limits the undivided land is the most desirable, at the price, for market-gardeners and small-fruit raisers. It is not surpassed in fertility and ease of tillage, sells at \$150 to \$300 an acre, and will be inside the corporation in a few years. The slow advance in real estate might be called a sign of slow growth, but it is not. About twenty building and loan societies are putting their savings into houses and lots, all established factories have increased their force steadily, and new features have added to the population, making a steady demand for more houses. It is not in the nature of things that there should not be a material advance in Terre Haute real estate before many years. The new-comer now, in addition to cheap fuel, railroad facilities, and a good country, has the option of land too low to fall and too desirable to advance, with or without

OIL WELLS AND GAS.

Within the last few weeks a great impetus has been given matters by the successful boring for oil. One well, which has every indication of being a stayer, has been completed. This has induced the formation of many companies for sinking other wells, both for oil and gas, with every indication of success.

In these days when cities are vying with each other in set-

ting forth their advantages, Terre Haute stands well in the lead, and is prepared to show to new enterprises a large and hearty welcome. Her Business Men's Association, which is composed largely of her active and pushing business men, will furnish information to any of our readers through the Secretary, C. M. Thompson, Esq.

EDGEWOOD STOCK FARM.

Beautifully situated, just two miles from the city on the National road, is the horse-breeding farm of W. R. McKeen. So numerous are the capacious barns and buildings, that as the visitor approaches from any direction, it begins to look like a small village. The barns are elegantly fitted up with sixty-five box-stalls, each barn being furnished with water supplied by underground pipes from an enormous tank, sufficiently elevated to provide water for daily wants, and also to afford facilities in case of fire.

Five hundred and fifty acres, laid off in paddocks and shaded by magnificent trees, afford a delightful retreat for the 100 head of superbly-bred horses, which blend all the purest strains, which Mr. McKeen owns. The close proximity of the farm to the city, and the facilities for getting there, caused the citizens of Terre Haute to bring a pressure upon Mr. McKeen, so that he sold to the Vigo County Fair Association sixty acres of his farm for a fair ground. The track is located just across the road from the training-stables, so that the facilities for training and developing the produce of Edgewood are unsurpassed.

Mohican has been the premier stallion of this harem, but on February 7th last, the breeding interests of this section sustained a serious loss by his death—from congestion. He leaves a grand array of colts to perpetuate his memory; and while Mr. McKeen feels his loss keenly, he is unconvinced but little, as, in addition to the great Jersey Wilkes, son of George Wilkes, dam Lady Patchen, by Mambrino Patchen, with a trial record at two years old of 2:34½, with very little handling and never tracked since, he has Edgewood.

Edgewood is two years old, sired by Nutwood, first dam Melrose, by George Wilkes; second dam Moss Rose, by Woodford Mambrino, and own sister to Principio, sire of Trinket, record, 2:14. Edgewood is full brother to Glenview Belle, two-year-old record 2:30, and his dam, Melrose, enjoys the distinction of being the youngest brood-mare (at six years) to have one of her progeny in 2:30. If breeding and conformity can count for anything, Mohican will have a worthy successor in Edgewood.

Jersey Wilkes was foaled June 15th, 1881, then the property of J. C. McFerran, Glenview, Ky. He is pronounced by the leading horsemen that have seen him the handsomest son of George Wilkes. He is a beautiful mahogany bay, sixteen hands high, weighing 1,200 pounds, symmetrical and strong in every part, clean head, intelligent eye, neck of medium length, deep oblique shoulders, capacious barrel, broad and strong loin, hip longer than usually found in the Wilkes-Mambrino combination, a splendid tail and mane, the very best feet and legs, with a perfect disposition. We think him the handsomest son of George Wilkes. His training consists of about two months the summer he was two years old, Mr. Mike Bowerman breaking and giving him an authenticated mile in 2:34½. He was driven merely for exercise during the seasons of 1886-7-8, and whenever asked could trot quarters in thirty-seven seconds or better. He is Wilkes gaited, and only requires the asking to add one more to the fame of his illustrious sire. His first colts were foaled in 1886, all good size and good colors, and have substance, style, and action.

Edgewood is also entitled to distinction on account of the celebrated brood-mares to be found running in its paddocks; among them are Hyacinth, half-sister to Dexter, dam of Reina Victoria (dam of Princeton), record 2:19½, and Euclid, five-year-old record 2:28½; Melrose, dam of Glenview and Edgewood; Pansy, by Pancoast, dam Hyacinth; Eva, two-year-old record 2:26; present record 2:23½. This celebrated mare is by Sultan, dam Minnehaha, by Bald Chief, and is

Full sister to Alcazar.....	Two-year-old record.....	2:30½
	Three-year-old record.....	2:23
	Five-year-old record.....	2:30½
Full sister to Sweetheart.....	Two-year-old record.....	2:30½
	Three-year-old record.....	2:23½
And out of the dam of Beautiful Bells.....	Four-year-old record.....	2:30½
	Five-year-old record.....	2:30
	Six-year-old record.....	2:30½
The latter the dam of.....	Hinda Rose (3).....	2:19½
	Bell Boy (3).....	2:19½
	St. Bel (4).....	2:24½
	Palo Alto Belle (2).....	2:28½
	Chimes (3).....	2:30½

Eva is now in California, with a Guy Wilkes colt by her side, and is in foal again to him. Daisy Rose, full sister to Eva, is another of the "future greats" of Edgewood. Helpmate, by Wedgewood, dam Lady Foxie, by Daniel Lambert; Laura, dam of Lizzie Wilkes; Lizzie Wilkes, record 2:22½; Lady Mac, record 2:25½ (in sixth heat of a race), and many others, representing sons and daughters of Dictator, Belmont, Egbert, Cuyler, Pancoast, Wedgewood, Mambrino Patchen, King Rene, Hambrino, Robert McGregor, and Wilkes Boy. Although Edgewood represents one of the younger breeding establishments of the country, its fame has already gone abroad, and Mr. McKeen has more applications from buyers now than he wishes to entertain, on account of the rare breeding of the animals he is raising.

The illustration of Edgewood given in this issue also presents Mr. McKeen's city residence and the bank building of McKeen & Co., and general office of the Vandalia Line. The McKeen Block

is also one of the substantial blocks of Terre Haute, and is given in this connection.

ROSE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

The Rose Polytechnic Institute was founded and endowed by the late Mr. Chauncey Rose, a wealthy philanthropist of Terre Haute. It was incorporated in 1874, and the academic building was erected within a few years from that date. It was not opened for the reception of students, however, until the year 1883, previous to which time two additional buildings had been erected. The institute is a school of engineering, with courses of study in mechanical engineering, civil engineering, and electrical engineering, together with a special course in technical chemistry. It possesses extensive laboratories, shops, etc., and is equipped with the most modern instrumental appliances for practical instruction. In extent and expense of equipment its school shops probably exceed those of any other technical school in the country, about \$50,000 having been expended in furnishing them. The department of mechanical engineering is well provided with testing machines, dynamometers, and other useful appliances, while that of electrical engineering possesses a unique collection of the most recent instruments for precise measurement, together with dynamos, motors, secondary batteries, etc. The equipment of other departments is equally complete, and the faculty is composed of specialists in the various sciences relating to the profession of engineering.

The number of students admitted to the freshman class is limited, and for the last three years the number of applicants has been considerably in excess of the limit fixed. By establishing a limit the classes are not allowed to exceed in number that which is compatible with the best and most satisfactory instruction.

The results of the operation of the school during the first few years of its existence have been exceedingly satisfactory. Its graduates are in demand as soon as their course of study is completed, and in the later classes they have generally secured good positions before their diplomas were received. They are to be found in the service of some of the leading railroads, manufacturing establishments, electric light and power companies, etc., in the country, both east and west. Between twenty and thirty States are represented in the present catalogue of students, and the school is rapidly growing in favor in all parts of the country.

GLOBE MEDICAL COMPANY.

The Globe Medical Company, one of the leading institutions of its kind in the country, was organized in 1885 and incorporated in 1889. Its stockholders are the following well-known business men: Dr. R. M. Hollingsworth, President; C. S. McKeen, Secretary and Treasurer; Josephus Collett, W. S. Rea, J. H. Berry, W. L. Kidder, and Benjamin G. Hudnut.

This company manufacture Hollingsworth's Treatment for colds, catarrh, hay fever, and asthma, which consists of four parts, local and constitutional, and is perfectly adapted to all forms of catarrh, as it affects the head, throat, lungs, and general health. The nature, cause, and treatment of this dangerous disease are set forth in an ably-edited descriptive pamphlet by Dr. Hollingsworth for gratuitous distribution; and the fact that requests for this pamphlet are received from all parts of the United States, attests the esteem in which it is held.

Dr. Hollingsworth, an experienced physician of thirteen years' general practice, has given catarrhal diseases a special and conscientious investigation, and speaks authoritatively on the subject. The unparalleled success of his treatment fully attests its merit. This company also manufacture Brunner's Carminative Balsam, a specific for disorders of the stomach and bowels, and for summer complaint, diarrhoea, colic, and all the derangements incident to childhood and infancy, it is challenged for \$500 against any remedy in the world.

A POPULAR RAILWAY OFFICIAL.

Hon. W. R. McKeen, familiarly known to Indians as "Riley" McKeen, President and General Manager of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis Railroad, which is better known, perhaps, as the "Vandalia Line," and the great trunk connection of the Pennsylvania system between Cincinnati and St. Louis, is a gentleman in the prime of life, and one of the best-known and most popular men in the great commonwealth of Indiana. His great executive ability has made the "Vandalia" one of the finest railroad properties in this country. Engrossed with his vast business interests, railroads, banks, and real estate, he has always been a warm and intimate friend of President Harrison, who, when the press of receptions and crowds grew too great between his election and inauguration, used to seek rest and quiet by a visit to the magnificent farm and home of Mr. McKeen near Terre Haute.

A PROSPEROUS INSURANCE AGENCY.

At No. 20 South Sixth Street is the elegant office of Riddle, Hamilton & Co., insurance, real estate, loan, and investment agents. This agency has been established over a quarter of a century.

(Continued on page 114.)